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HISTORY
FORMERLY THE BEAVER

ANIMALS AT WAR

HOW A LEGION OF PETS AND MASCOTS GAVE STRENGTH TO THE FIGHTING MEN OF WWI

+

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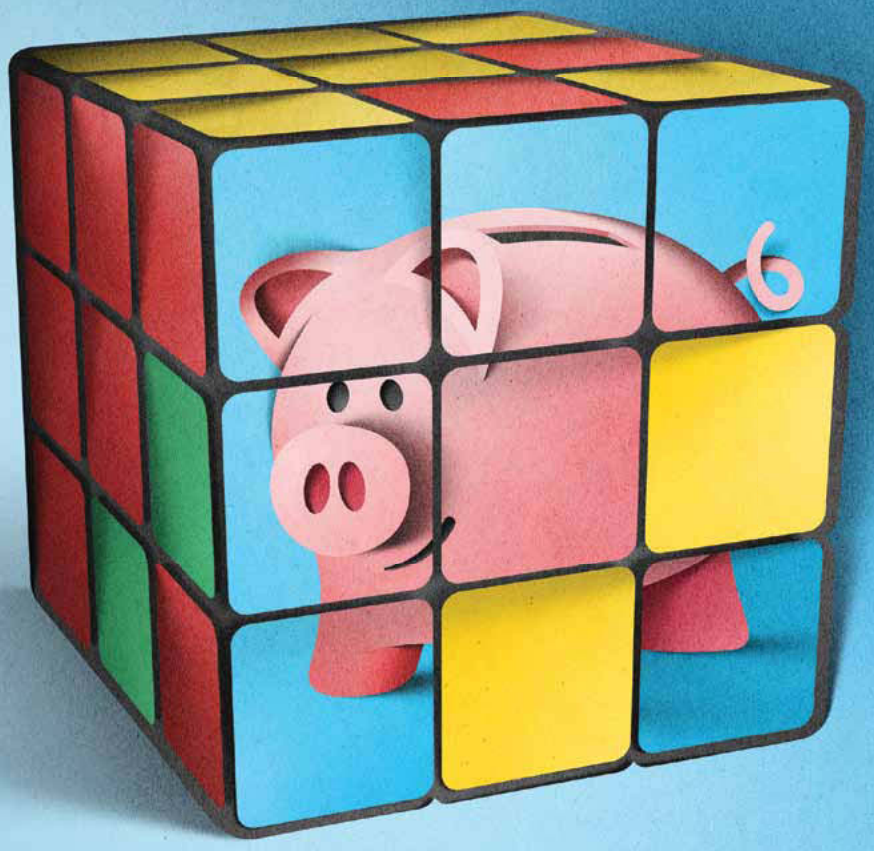

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Canada's History magazine was founded by the Hudson's Bay Company in 1920 under the name *The Beaver: A Journal of Progress*. The HBC's commitment to the History Society and its programs continues today through the HBC History Foundation.

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ISSN 1920-9894

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PO Box 118 Station Main
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Phone: 1-888-816-0997
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Annual Subscription (6 issues)
Canada, $32.95 (GST included).
Please add $10 a year for U.S. orders and $18 a year for foreign orders.
Single copy price: $6.95

GST Registration Number
13868 1408 RT 0001

Advertising Representative
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Canadian Postmaster
Return undeliverable Canadian addresses to:
Canada's History,
PO Box 118 Station Main
Markham, Ontario, L3P 3J5
Canada

Publications Mail Agreement No. 40063001

Postage paid in Winnipeg.

Issued October 2013
Printed in Canada.

We acknowledge the financial support of the Government of Canada through the Canada Periodical Fund (CPF) for our publishing activities.

Canada

Creature comforts

In October 2009, the Canadian Press's Bill Graveland filed a story from Kandahar, Afghanistan, about a special simian that had been adopted by Canadian Forces troops.

"A little monkey named Lucy has become the apple of the eye for a group of Canadian soldiers working out of the Kandahar airfield," Graveland says in a short video report. "She's been virtually adopted by Canadian soldiers, who stop by… on almost a daily basis to feed her and have now built her a new, larger cage."

MARIANNE HELM

Graveland interviews a Canadian soldier, who speaks about the calming affect the little rhesus monkey is having on the troops: "They take a lot of the pressure away. They do. You feel like you're normal."

Lucy was the latest in a long line of pets and mascots that have lent strength to Canadian soldiers throughout our military history. From dogs and cats to monkeys, bears, goats, and even elephants, all manner of critters have accompanied Canadians into battle or offered consolation behind the lines.

Casualties were often high, especially for beasts of burden. During the Great War, for instance, it's believed that hundreds of thousands of horses died, either from bullet or shrapnel wounds, illness, malnutrition, or just plain exhaustion; many were literally worked to death in the muck and mire of the front.

The 2011 Stephen Spielberg movie *War Horse* put the equine plight into perspective. But what of the other animals that served? In this issue, two of Canada's premier military historians, the Canadian War Museum's Tim Cook and Andrew Iarocci of Western University, team up to bring us the largely untold story of the four-legged and the feathery creatures that served in the Great War.

The most famous, of course, is Winnie, the little black bear cub from Ontario that inspired the Winnie-the-Pooh book series. But have you heard of Sergeant Billy, the beer-guzzling mountain goat that was adopted as the mascot of the 5th Canadian Battalion? (He's currently on display — stuffed, of course — at the Broadview Historical Museum in Saskatchewan.)

In 1943, British philanthropist Maria Dickin created a medal to honour animals that displayed gallantry during times of war. The medal has been awarded sixty-four times. The recipients have included thirty-two pigeons, twenty-eight dogs, three horses, and one cat. Among the recipients is a Newfoundland dog named Gander, the mascot of the Royal Rifles of Canada during the Second World War.

Sergeant Gander travelled with the Rifles when they were stationed in Hong Kong in the fall of 1941. He stayed by their side when the Japanese invaded in December of that year. During one firefight, he scared off Japanese soldiers, protecting wounded Canadians. In a later incident, he picked up a live Japanese grenade that had landed in a group of Canadian soldiers and tried to carry it away from the men. Killed by the ensuing blast, his sacrifice was credited with saving the lives of several soldiers.

In 2009, Gander's name was etched alongside his human compatriots on the Hong Kong Veterans Memorial Wall in Ottawa. His Dickin Medal is on permanent display at the Canadian War Museum, a fitting tribute to a dog that was, according to soldiers who served alongside him, more person than pooch.

Contributors

Bruce Kemp, the author of the feature article about the Great Lakes storm of 1913, has been a writer, editor, photographer, and educator for more than thirty years. He has been gathering information about the storm since the 1970s. A recipient of multiple awards for his writing and photography, Kemp co-authored *Gifts of the Okanagan*, (Little White Publishing, 2011) with his wife, Laurie Carter. His historic novel, *Letters From A Fugitive's Son*, was published by Little White in May. Kemp works and lives in Kelowna, British Columbia.

Christopher Moore, who wrote about the Battle of Crysler's Farm, has been planning to write about John and Adam Crysler since he first uncovered their connection more than twenty years ago. Moore is a widely published writer on Canadian history. He has won the Governor-General's Literary Awards twice, most recently for *From Then To Now* (Tundra Books, 2010), a history of the world for young readers. His column on history and historians has appeared in *Canada's History* since 1991. For help on this story, he thanks Lois Corey, Robert Fraser, Daryl MacTavish, Carol Rogers, and Lorraine Sherren.

Tim Cook, left, and Andrew Iarocci, wrote about the role of animals in the Great War. Cook is a First World War historian at the Canadian War Museum in Ottawa. He is the author of fifty academic articles and six books, including *Warlords: Borden, Mackenzie King, and Canada's World Wars* (Allen Lane, 2012). Iarocci teaches history at Western University. His publications include *Shoestring Soldiers: The 1st Canadian Divison at War, 1914–15* (University of Toronto Press, 2008) and *Vimy Ridge: A Canadian Reassessment* (WLU Press, 2007).

Journalist, historian, biographer, and novelist Heather Robertson wrote "Heartbreak in Huronia," about the history of an institution in Orillia, Ontario, that has been the subject of a class-action lawsuit. The author of more than a dozen books, Robertson has been the recipient of several writing awards. She most recently received the inaugural Ontario Legislature's Speaker's Book Award for her illustrated history *Walking into Wilderness: The Toronto Carrying Place and Nine Mile Portage* (Heartland Associates, 2012). Robertson is also president of the King Township Historical Society in southern Ontario.

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FOR OUTSTANDING YOUTH LEADERSHIP AND SERVICE

The mourning Mother Canada sculpture at Vimy Ridge, France.

The mission of the Vimy Foundation is to preserve and promote the legacy of the Battle of Vimy Ridge. In recognition of young people who demonstrate outstanding service, positive contributions, notable deeds, bravery or leadership, the Vimy Foundation has created the Vimy Pilgrimage Award. Exceptional Canadian youth who have served their peers, schools, communities, province or country are eligible for the Award (scholastic achievement is not a criterion).

Award

The Award consists of a fully funded, week-long educational program in Vimy, France, to study Canada's tremendous First World War effort. The week, scheduled for early April 2014, is organized by the Vimy Foundation and will include classroom education and daily field trips to significant First World War sites.

Nomination

Applicants are required to submit a motivation letter (500-word maximum) outlining the reasons why they merit the Award. An Award Committee will select the winners based, in part, on the level of enthusiasm and interest displayed in the motivation letter. Applications must also include a nomination by: a teacher, guidance counselor or principal; fellow peers; parents; service club; community, provincial or federal organization; or a member of the community, via an official third party nomination form. Applicants must be 14-17 years of age.

Application

For application and nomination forms please visit **www.vimyfoundation.ca/pilgrimage-award**. Applications may be submitted from September 10 to November 11 (the deadline for submissions is midnight November 11).

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CANADA'S HISTORY

Education First

Unsettling moves

Thank you for the intriguing history on Canada's resettlement program for Newfoundlanders and other Canadians in the postwar period ["We was Drove!" August–September 2013]. The clarity of the presentation, along with the beauty of the photographs, created a poignant depiction of the struggles of our fellow Canadians. Who of us cannot relate to the immigrant experience, deeply?

Thank you, Tina Loo, for your thought-provoking portrayal of our country's reality and for your mindful sentiments: "The boundaries of our responsibility to each other weren't — and aren't — set in stone."

Laurel McCallum
Winnipeg

Forgotten heroines of the Atlantic

Congratulations to *Canada's History* for finally recognizing that there were many unsung pioneer women in Canada who played a role in defending our struggling colony during the War of 1812 ["Women of Valour" August–September 2013]. The Dianne Graves article was excellent, as far as it went, and it was beautifully illustrated. But *Canada's History* must not forget that our nation extends another 1,200 miles from Toronto, to the east.

Shame remains for neglecting even the faintest mention of the pioneer women in many seaside communities along the Atlantic coastline. In many cases, these pioneer women were forced to employ subterfuge to trick privateer raiders from devastating their communities.

The wartime trials of East Coast pioneer women were multiplied by the fact that many of their menfolk spent months at sea fishing; other men had to serve in the militia and some men were forced into slavery aboard British warships, on occasion never to be seen by their families again.

Hugh Conrod
Director, Hooked Rugs Museum
Chester, Nova Scotia

POWs of the parks

Regarding "Park Prisoners," August–September 2013: My dad was a veteran of World War I and also qualified to join the Veterans Guard of Canada during World War II. His job was to guard German prisoners of war in Seebe, Lethbridge, and Medicine Hat in Alberta for the duration of the war. I have a model ship, cleverly built inside a whisky bottle by a German prisoner, as memento.

As Bill Waiser has written, these prisoners of war were given the freedom to have their own German cooks … and even work for local farmers. If they attempted to escape, a red target on their backs would seal their fate.

Fred Perry
Surrey, British Columbia

Stars and Stripes and Stan Rogers

Regarding the "Bluenose Reborn" article [June–July 2013]: My wife and I spent the U.S. Independence Day in Nova Scotia six years ago. We visited an old Lutheran church in Lunenburg that afternoon. The organist, who had been practising, gave us a guided walk around the building, sat down at the organ, and played a verse of "Battle Hymn of the Republic" from memory for our benefit.

Later, while sipping a drink at a waterfront tavern, the *Bluenose II* slipped into the harbour, returning to its home port from a lengthy cruise down the U.S. east coast. It certainly put me in mind of the Stan Rogers song, "Bluenose," and I'm pleased to learn the Bluenose tradition continues. It was a very memorable Fourth of July

Kevin Boatright
Lawrence, Kansas, USA

In defence of Benedict Arnold

Your June–July 2013 issue is filled with so many interesting tidbits I don't know where to start. Let me offer my oddest comment first: In the opening paragraph of the feature "Tratoirs!"

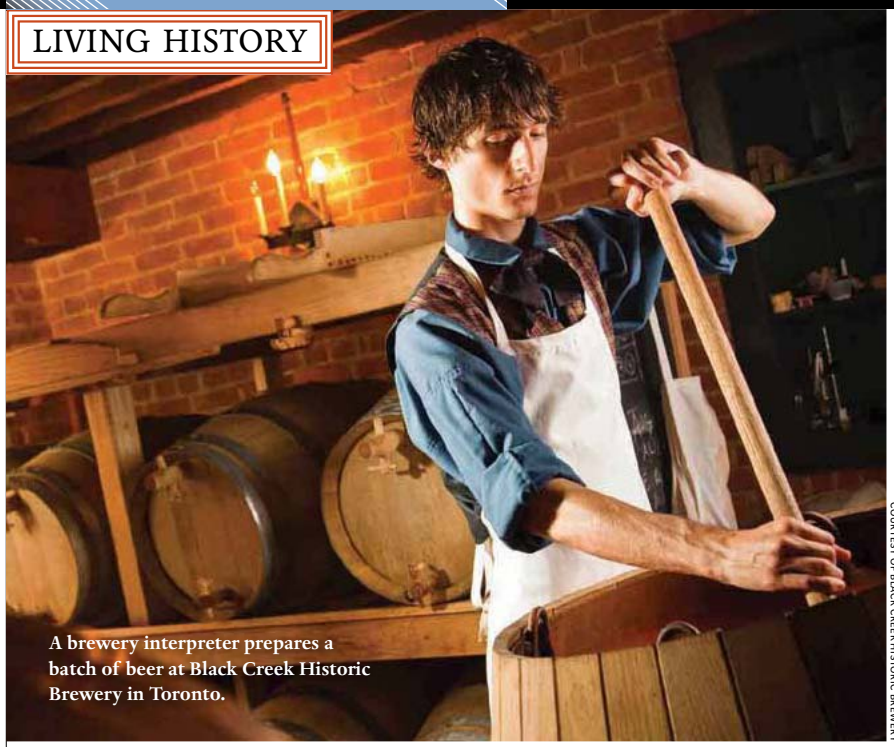
I'm aware of Andrew Hind's published work and enjoy his lively approach to historical events. However, I disagree with him using Benedict Arnold as an example of the most treasonable of traitors. This may be a popular, sycophantic American opinion but, to me, Arnold has always been a minor hero for maintaining his oath of allegiance to the King — and risking his life to do so.

A great piece, nevertheless, as were other stories, such as "Bluenose II Reborn," "Dreams in the Dust," "Nasty Work in New Brunswick" — all on which I would love to comment — and "House Broken," on which I would strongly disagree!

Dan MacDonald
Hubbards, Nova Scotia

Canada's History magazine welcomes your comments. Email us at editors@CanadasHistory.ca or write to *Canada's History*, Bryce Hall Main Floor, 515 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, MB R3B 2E9 Canada. Please include your address and phone number. Letters may be edited for clarity or length.

LIVING HISTORY



A brewery interpreter prepares a batch of beer at Black Creek Historic Brewery in Toronto.

COURTESY OF BLACK CREEK HISTORIC BREWERY

Ontario museum serves up a taste of the past

Historic beers commemorate nineteenth-century events with authentic flavours

It's rare in Canada that someone will apologize for serving a beer too cold. But venture to Black Creek Pioneer Village in northwest Toronto and you'll find something special on tap.

"Usually we serve them at cellar temperature, because that is how you are supposed to drink an ale," explained historic interpreter Blythe Haynes as she poured a series of beer samples. "If you drink it ice-cold, you are going to numb your taste buds and you won't taste all the flavours.

Black Creek Historic Brewery opened in 2009 as a way to attract a larger audience to the pioneer village museum that is located next to the main campus of York University. The site offers a range of tours and activities that take place among its collection of heritage buildings, which includes several that have been restored after being relocated from other places in Ontario.

Beer is brewed on-site and served the same way as in the 1860s. Each variety is unpasteurized, non-carbonated, and served a little warmer than most modern Canadian beers. "Beer was incredibly popular in the 1860s," Haynes noted. "Microbrewing is not a new thing; it's a very old thing that people have been doing for a long time."

The Black Creek seasonal beers are exceptionally fresh and full of flavour, like tasting juicy hand-picked fruit — as opposed to the fruit that arrives in most grocery stores.

"We've done a lemon balm beer, we've done a maple beer, so we try and keep it very authentic," explained Nick Foglia, the brewery's senior sales manager. "It's brewed every week, bottled on Thursdays, and then sold that weekend."

The brewery is in the basement of a mid-eighteenth-century halfway house that previously served weary travellers heading to and from Toronto. It was relocated to the pioneer village in 1966.

Visitors can tour the brewery, sample the latest offerings, and take home a growler — a sixty-four-ounce jug filled with fresh beer in a variety of flavours ranging from traditional India pale ales to seasonal offerings. With advance registration, it's also possible to spend a full day in costume learning how to prepare beer with the local brewmaster.

Besides on-site brewing, Black Creek has partnered with an off-site brewery to produce beer for Ontario liquor stores. The specialty line includes a pale ale and a stout as well as a series of "Historic Beers of Canada."

Each historic beer commemorates a different decade in Canadian history, starting with Rifleman's Ration, which arrived in time to mark the bicentennial of the War of 1812. It was followed by Dray Horse Ale in the fall of 2012, to commemorate the animals used in canal construction during the 1820s, and then by Montgomery's Courage, which hearkened back to the revolutions of 1837 and 1838. Riel's Dream, the fourth beer in the series, will be available in 2014.

For more about Black Creek Pioneer Village and the historic brewery, visit CanadasHistory.ca/BlackCreekVillage.

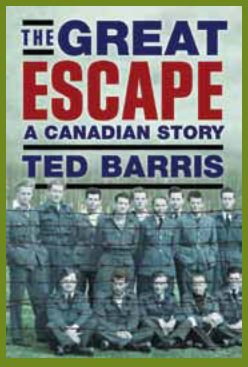
— Joel Ralph

Bottles for three of the brewery's Historic Beers of Canada sit alongside a "growler" — a jug of beer made fresh on-site.

JOEL RALPH

BY THE NUMBERS

The Great Escape



On the night of March 24, 1944, during the Second World War, dozens of Allied airmen crawled through a hundred-metre-long tunnel code-named "Harry." Most of them slipped into the darkness of a pine forest beyond the wire of Stalag Luft III, a German prisoner-of-war compound near Sagan, Poland. The event, afterwards known as The Great Escape, was more than a year in the making and involved the ingenuity of two thousand POWs, many of whom were Canadian air force officers. Ted Barris's new book, *The Great Escape: A Canadian Story*, chronicles their incredible exploit.

3 Tunnels — named "Tom," "Dick" and "Harry" — designed and excavated principally by Canadians.

200 Tonnes of sand excavated and hidden by the tunnellers between April 1943 and March 1944.

4,000 Bed boards secretly used in tunnel construction, along with 1,699 blankets, 635 mattresses, 90 double-decker bunks, 185 metres of rope, 76 benches, 34 chairs, and 52 tables.

54.6 Dimensions in centimetres of the claustrophobic square tunnel.

80 Commonwealth air officers who managed to get through Harry on the night of the escape.

77 POWs recaptured — but thousands of German troops were drawn from the war effort to find them.

50 Escapers, including six Canadians, who were handed over to the Gestapo and executed in cold blood, then cremated (to hide the evidence).

10,000 POWs left inside Stalag Luft III who were forced to march across Germany during the winter of 1945.

LAUGH LINES

This cartoon by Bob Chambers appeared in the November 29, 1956, edition of the *Halifax Chronicle-Herald*.

Outgrowing apron strings

In 1956, President Gamal Abdel Nasser of Egypt nationalized the Suez Canal. Angered by this threat to their interests, Israel, Britain, and France conspired to invade Egypt. This action was strongly opposed by the U.S.S.R. and the United States, who hoped to strengthen their influence in the oil-rich Middle East.

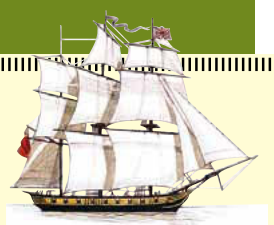
Canada's Minister of External Affairs, Lester Pearson, decided not to support any of the nations directly involved in the dispute. Instead he used Canada's role as a middle power to establish a United Nations peacekeeping force to defuse a dangerous situation.

Pearson won the Nobel Peace Prize for his efforts and increased Canada's prestige in the international community.

— Charles Hou

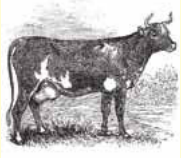
Charles Hou is the author of several books about historical Canadian political cartoons.

TAKE THE DAY OFF



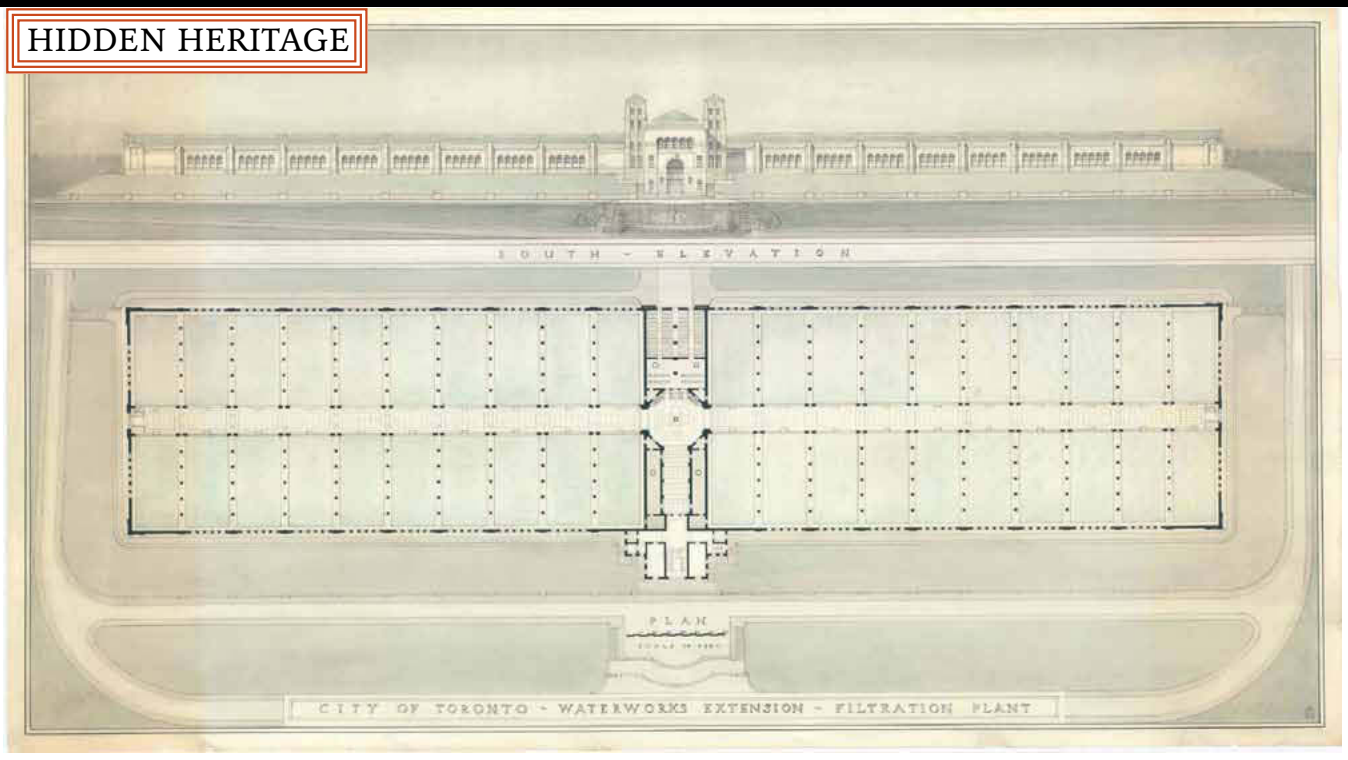
October 9

To remember the day in 1812 when a surprise U.S. attack on Lake Erie captured the British ships *Detroit* and *Caledonia*, which were carrying valuable furs. Buy a new winter coat.



October 21

To recall the first Provincial Manufacturers and Traders Exhibition, held in 1846 in Toronto. Show your best stuff.



Architectural rendering of the Filter and Administration Building

Victoria Park Water Filtration Plant, Toronto, 1929

The architect Thomas Canfield Pomphrey delineated this ink, pencil, and wash on paper rendering.

This remarkable 1929 rendering shows the definitive design for the Filter and Administration Building at the Victoria Park Water Works (now the R.C. Harris Water Treatment Plant) in Toronto's eastern beaches.

Delineated by Thomas Canfield Pomphrey, staff architect to the engineers Gore, Nasmith & Storrie, it portrays the principal south facade facing Lake Ontario, which is shown above the ground plan. The large size of the rendering (almost five feet across) and the use of ink line with watercolour wash are typical of drawings of important public buildings in the beaux arts classical tradition.

In creating this drawing, Pomphrey and his employers signalled the serious attention being paid to the quality of architectural form and detail. Their intent was to soothe the anxiety of commissioner of works Roland Caldwell Harris, who had first outlined his dream of a civic water supply system worthy of Toronto's future in 1913; deferred by war and politics, the dream was at last poised to become a reality in the late 1920s.

Reviewing preliminary drawings in 1928, Harris found neither relief nor satisfaction but rather a restless concern that the realization would not fulfill his vision. A stern memo was sent to William Storrie: "The buildings as shown on the perspective sketch appear to me to be plain and unattractive."

Intense design development followed, culminating in Pomphrey's rendering seen here. No direct evidence remains of Harris's reaction, though the rendering accompanies the many articles on Toronto's Water Works published in engineering journals of the day. Constructed in the 1930s, the plant finally went into service in 1941.

In early 2008, the long-missing drawing was returned to the Toronto office of CH2M Hill, the successor firm to Gore, Nasmith & Storrie, and it now hangs at the plant.

— Steven Mannell

Contributed by the Society for the Study of Architecture in Canada, a learned society devoted to the examination of Canada's built environment. See canada-architecture.org.

October 27

To celebrate the founding of the National Council of Women, with Lady Aberdeen as president, on this date in 1893. Follow the golden rule.

November 29

To mark the beginning in 1808 of Francis Nathaniel Burton's mostly absentee but fully paid term as lieutenant governor of Lower Canada. Hug a senator.

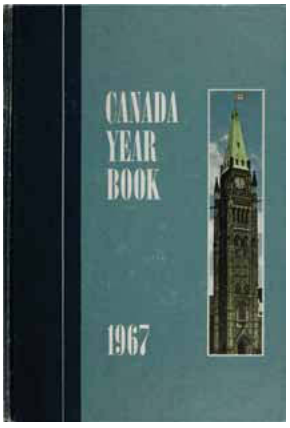
November 30

To observe the day in 1967 when Parliament passed a bill to ban capital punishment. Loosen your collar.

Record of Canada's progress passes into history

A long-standing Canadian institution is undergoing a major change. Following a publication run that dates back to 1867, the year of Confederation, the ongoing record of social and economic facts and analysis currently known as the *Canada Year Book* will no longer appear in print.

The book provides a tremendous variety of facts and figures about Canada that is meant to serve people ranging from members of the business community to librarians, educators, health experts, trivia enthusiasts, and the general public. Chapters break down the numbers for different aspects of Canadian society while providing insights into trends and new developments.



The centennial edition of the *Canada Year Book* called its first one hundred years "a story of the country's progress."

It's also Statistics Canada's all-time bestselling publication.

"The *Canada Year Book* has withstood the test of time because it responded to Canadians' need for accurate, up-to-date information when they couldn't readily find it from other sources," explained Tony Colasante, who works for Statistics Canada, the book's publisher.

The first among the 111 print editions (books were not published every year) was called the *Statistical Abstract Record of Canada* and provided information on births, deaths, politics, trade, and migration, among other topics. "This was an all-in-one almanac from the start, and it provided the kind of information that citizens of a mostly agrarian society wanted to know," Colasante said.

Until 1879, the book was published by the private sector — not the government — and early editions contained classified and display advertisements.

These first editions of the book offer a window onto their times, says Colasante.

"An ad for the Montreal Business College offered courses in penmanship, bookkeeping, and telegraphing," he noted, while ads for psychic seers promised to "help you acquire land, find long-lost love, read the minds of people thousands of miles away, or determine the success of your marriage."

Beginning in 1918, the publication was mandated with chronicling facts about Canada, and by 1928 it came to resemble the yearbook that has been published ever since. Today, if you want to know the value of sugar beets, or Christmas trees, or honey produced in Canada in any given year — or any of a range of other products and services — the *Canada Year Book* is still the place to turn.

It also tells everything from the prevalence of different occupations in different provinces to the number of days lost to disability or illness, what sectors of the economy consume more or less energy, how fitness centres divide up their operating revenue, how commonly different types of water treatment are used — and how Canada stacks up against the rest of the world on a variety of measures.

But, following the current 2012 edition, this type of detailed information will only be made available online. Digitized versions of the book dating back to 1867 are also available.

For more about the *Canada Year Book*, to see advertisements from some of its early editions, or to browse past and recent editions online, visit CanadasHistory.ca/CanadaYearBook.

— Phil Koch

OUR HOME AND NATIVE

ISTOCKPHOTO

Road lines

Canada's roads and byways were not nearly as congested a century ago as they are today. Nor did many of our country's roads feature paved surfaces.

But as traffic increased and accidents became more commonplace in the early twentieth century, drivers found road safety an increasing challenge. They resorted to horns and bells as means of alerting oncoming vehicles, yet these were far from ideal.

In response, Ontario engineer John D. Millar devised what now seems a straightforward manner of helping drivers to share the road — painting lines to divide lanes and to separate traffic moving in opposite directions.

Millar was working for the Ontario Department of Transport when he came up with the idea in 1930. A stretch of highway near the provincial border with Quebec was the first to receive the treatment.

Millar's idea soon received wide acceptance — within a few years, white painted lines were standard not only on highways in Ontario but all across North America, and accident rates dropped significantly. Yellow, dashed, and double lines followed as ways of providing additional information to drivers.

With today's crowded streets and often jammed freeways, it's hard to imagine making safe progress without guidance from painted lane markings.

— Phil Koch

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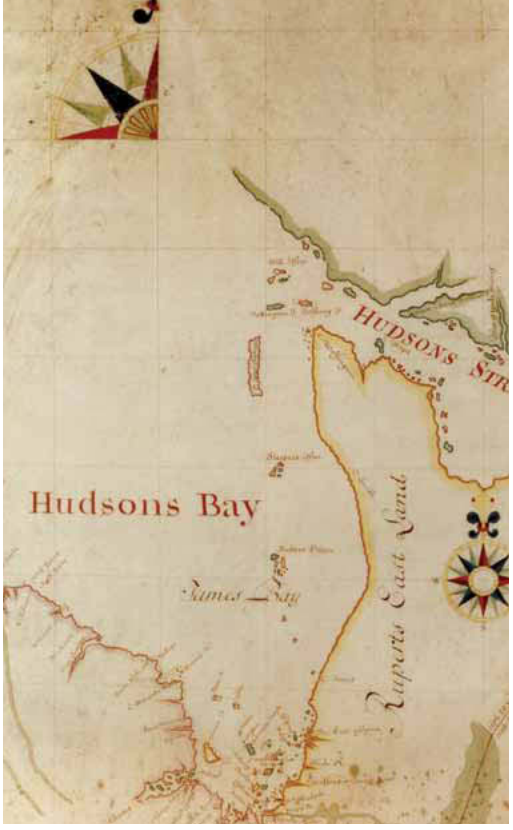

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CHRISTOPHER MOORE

Nikki Shawana and son Miikaanhn sing a protest song during an Idle No More demonstration in London, Ontario, on March 21, 2013.

THE CANADIAN PRESS/ GEOFF ROBINS

Action pact

How a 250-year-old peace deal cemented Aboriginal treaty rights.

Its origins were prosaic," writes the historian J.R. Miller. But Grand Chief Stan Beardy of the Nishnawbe-Aski First Nation recently declared, "Canada would not be Canada" without it. It is sometimes called the Magna Carta of the First Nations.

"It" is the Royal Proclamation of 1763, issued in King George III's name on October 7, 1763, just two hundred and fifty years ago.

In October 1763 the British government had work to do in North America. Eight months earlier, the Peace of Paris had ended the Seven Years War; most of the proclamation was the instruction manual for the new empire Britain had gained by the conquest of New France. It laid out new colonies and new boundaries from Hudson Bay to the Caribbean. It joined Labrador to Newfoundland and Prince Edward Island to Nova Scotia. It set how French Canada would be governed under British rule.

The proclamation also dealt with the First Nations question. Britain and the Aboriginal powers of North America were new and uneasy allies. Britain feared their disaffection, their enmity. Just when the American wars were supposed to be over and won, Aboriginal nations remained a power in the land. So the Proclamation had a section about the First Nations. This became its most enduring legacy.

When he signed the Royal Proclamation, King George loved the First Nations no more than King John had loved the barons for whom he signed the Magna Carta in 1215. Both monarchs acknowledged the other party out of fear, out of respect. In both cases, the bargain became constitutional. The Magna Carta came to mean that the monarch would always be accountable to law and to the people's representatives. If the Royal Proclamation is the First Nations' Magna Carta, it is because it made treaties the heart of relations between Canada and the First Nations.

At a conference at Niagara in the summer of 1764, one that drew Native people from much of eastern North America, First Nations ratified the Royal Proclamation. The two-row wampum was presented there — to symbolize two independent powers sailing along in parallel, like vessels in the same river.

To be sure, the Royal Proclamation does not say "Aboriginal sovereignty." In fact, it specifically claims Crown sovereignty across North America west of Quebec and the Thirteen Colonies. But the proclamation, which the First Nations ratified as independent powers, does acknowledge whose land North America really was.

Henceforth, declared the Proclamation, no settler, no explorer, no entrepreneur — indeed, no subject of the King — could settle

on First Nations territory and presume to make it British territory. Only the Crown could acquire the territory of the First Nations — and only by a treaty made "in our Name, at some public Meeting or Assembly of the said Indians to be held for that purpose by the Governor or Commander in Chief of our Colony." A treaty was serious business: Aboriginal leaders would negotiate directly with the government of the Crown.

For many Canadians today, treaty-making seems like ancient history, a problem settled by "surrenders" in the 1800s. And with reason: The texts of the land treaties that cover vast expanses of northern Ontario, the Prairies, and the Far North do state bluntly that "the said Indians do hereby cede, release, surrender and yield up … all their rights, titles and privileges whatsoever to the lands." For better or worse, many Canadians conclude, those treaties mean we got Canada and the First Nations got reserves and welfare.

When a situation like 2012's Attawapiskat arises (in which the James Bay Cree community's housing crisis came to a head), we may assume the only solution is housing, education, and assimilation. When economic bonanzas loom — diamonds, rare metals, pipelines — even experts assume that Aboriginal people might benefit from a few jobs, but not as co-owners of all that wealth.

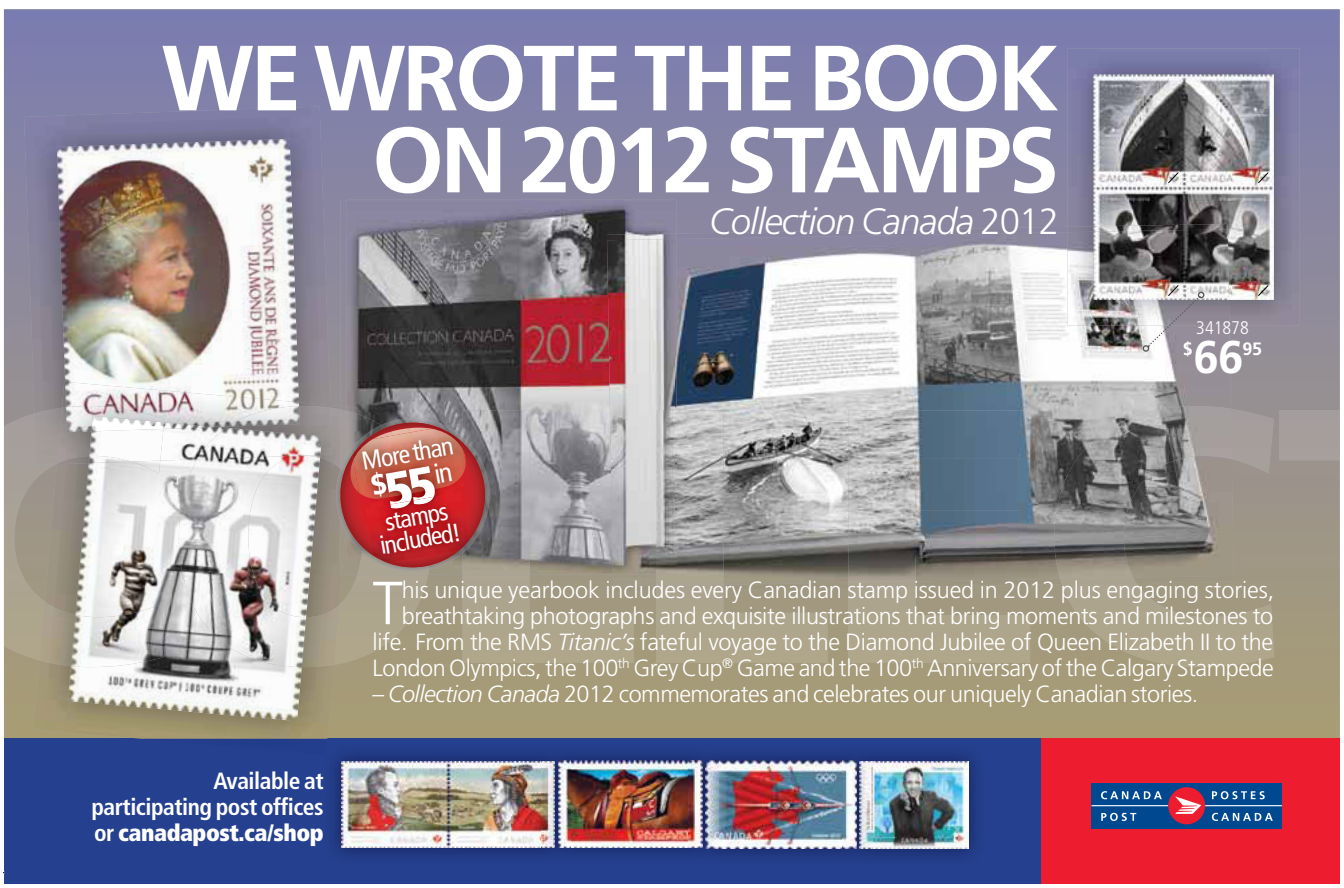
One of the great quiet achievements of Canadian historians in recent decades has been to begin throwing those assumptions into doubt.

Remember how the Proclamation requires "a public assembly" of Native leaders and the Crown? It is that negotiated agreement that matters, not necessarily the "surrender" text as written down by one side. When historians — from both Aboriginal culture and settler culture — look closely at those treaty negotiations, they find First Nations' leaders who spoke of "sharing the land" and Canadian treaty commissioners who promised, "the land will always be yours." When Native leaders and Idle No More protesters insist that treaties matter, they are expressing the kind of agreement they understand a treaty as being.

Do Canadians still find it hard to accept that the First Nations may share title to much of Canada and its resources? Like the historians, the judges have been coming around. Our highest courts declare that treaties must be interpreted, not simply from the Indian commissioners' official texts but as "they would naturally be understood by Indians." When First Nations leaders speak of the treaty relationship, they do not mean endless welfare handouts for impoverished, uneconomic reserve communities. They mean a shared ownership that will enable First Nations to be self-sufficient from the riches of the land.

Today the Royal Proclamation is specifically affirmed in the Canadian Constitution. The Supreme Court of Canada has called it "a fundamental document upon which any just determination of Aboriginal rights rests." Maybe it still offers an escape from the First Nations poverty, isolation, and dependence that are such blights on Canada's reputation.

Christopher Moore comments in every issue of *Canada's History*.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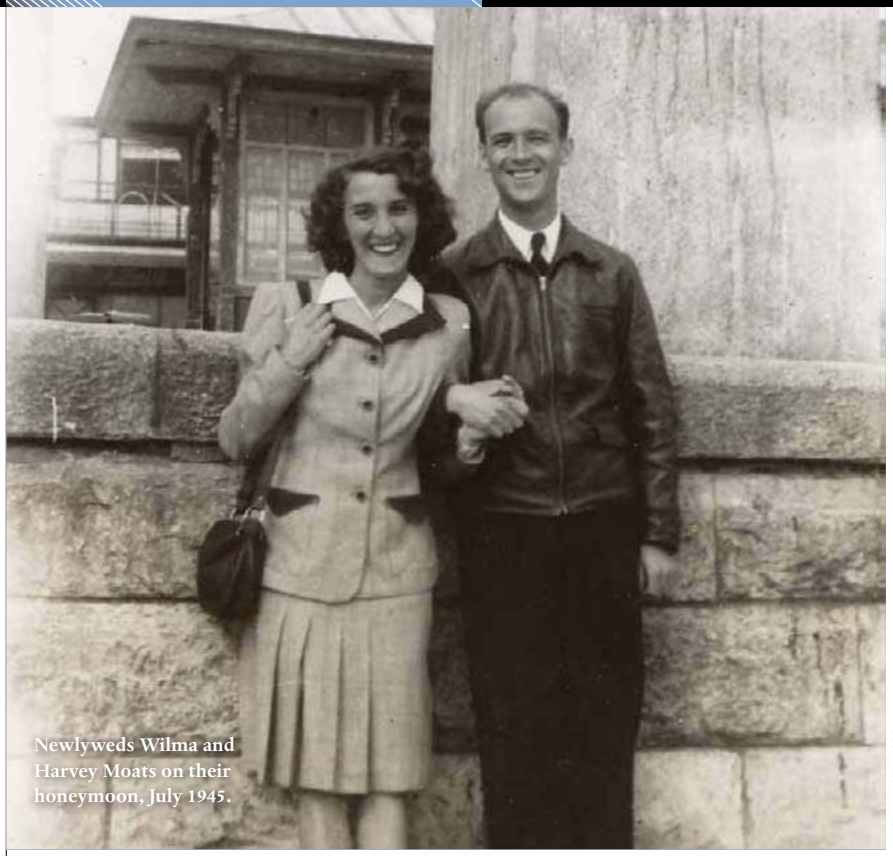

Newlyweds Wilma and Harvey Moats on their honeymoon, July 1945.

COURTESY SANDY KLOWAK

Avoiding conflict

Sandy Klowak explores why some men chose not to fight the 'last good war.'

I grew up hearing stories of draft dodgers, told with humour and glee by a neighbour and close family friend. Now ninety-one, "John" — who did not want his real name used — was like many other young Ukrainian men in his Manitoba farming community who slipped through the cracks of Second World War recruitment.

We chuckled as he told us how a local pacifist doctor helped the young men botch military health exams — he had them swallow buttons to fake black spots in stomach X-rays or use eye drops to dilate one pupil more than the other.

As kids, we went into hysterics as John limped around the room to demonstrate how he feigned injury when asked to show his rejection papers. He'd grin as he described deliberately failing their very basic intelligence tests.

His stories were hilarious but strangely nonchalant. John was a joker and storyteller at heart. But he never mentioned the magnitude of his decision to dodge military conscription, which was a divisive issue in Canada during the Second World War — a conflict sometimes referred to as the "last good war."

Limited conscription was introduced in 1940, allowing the government to register men and women to serve within Canada in jobs necessary for wartime production. Conscription for overseas service was not in effect until November of 1944.

My grandfather, Harvey Moats, who passed on before my birth, did not fight in the Second World War, either, but his story of resistance stands in contrast to John's.

Harvey was the educated son of German-American farmers living in the hamlet of Gray, Saskatchewan, near Regina. He was a scholar who would become a United Church minister soon after the war. Deeply pacifistic, he applied for conscientious objector status in order not to be deployed in combat and ended up serving as a firefighter in London, England.

Harvey's decision weighed heavily on his shoulders. Though most of his family supported his decision, Harvey once found in his jacket a message conveying disapproval of his choice.

My relatives differ as to whether the message was in the form of a note calling him a coward or in the form of a white feather. The white feather campaign — which encouraged women to pin white feathers on men not in military uniform in order to shame them into enlisting — began in Great Britain during the First World War. The campaign spread to North America and was revived briefly during the early years of the Second World War.

Harvey's choice not to fight was rooted in a deep and well-articulated philosophical and faith-based opposition to violence. His decision came with much deliberation and was made in the face of both overt and subtle adversity, in a wartime social climate fuelled by a powerful sense of duty to fight.

John's reasons were less clear-cut.

As an adult, I've had many conversations with John about how he came to his decision and how it affected his life. But articulating the root of his personal decision to dodge the draft is not something the Grade 3-educated self-made carpenter is willing to do with ease.

John hailed from a pacifist Jehovah's Witness farming background, but he was not particularly religious himself. As the child of Ukrainian immigrants in an isolated community, he would not likely have felt the same social pressure to fight as Harvey did. He admits that some people treated him with disdain, but as far as I can tell he didn't let any of that get to him.

About his decision, John said simply, "Why would I want to go kill people?" And perhaps that's all that needs to be said.

As a child, I was both entertained and sobered by the stories of these two men. As an adult, I can more fully appreciate the courage of conviction it took not to fight. And I continue to be fascinated by the way such very different men, with very different lives, arrived at the same weighty, yet fundamentally simple, decision.

Sandy Klowak is a writer and journalist from Winnipeg.

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CANADA'S HISTORY

TALES AND TREASURES

FROM THE RICH LEGACY OF THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY

IMAGE © MANITOBA MUSEUM

A ship beyond compare

The *Nonsuch* replica at the Manitoba Museum in Winnipeg has long been a favourite for people of all ages. The original ketch sailed into Hudson Bay in 1668, kick-starting an enterprise that two years later would be known as the Hudson's Bay Company. A replica of the ship was commissioned as part of the HBC's 1970 tercentennial. The *Nonsuch* was constructed in England by artisans using seventeenth-century methods and hand tools. After its completion, the ship was transported from England and sailed the Atlantic and Pacific coasts before being trucked to Winnipeg, where it was placed on permanent display in the museum in 1973. The museum gallery where the *Nonsuch* resides was constructed around the reassembled ship. The name means "unequalled, as in "nonesuch." To learn more about the *Nonsuch*, watch our video interview with Dr. Jamie Morton at CanadasHistory.ca/Nonsuch.

— **Tanja Hütter**

In The Beaver…

90 years ago

Boat-building in the bush

For anyone seeking information on how to build a York boat, the October 1923 issue would be a good place to start. The article "H.B.C. Inland Transport" details how craftsmen at the HBC's head posts built the boats from scratch. "Supplies of rod and bar iron and steel were sent in, and from these the blacksmith made his own nails and tools," wrote A.A. McDonald. A crew of ten to twenty men went into the bush to cut suitable timber, usually spruce that was straight-grained and free of knots. The wood was brought to post by raft. Building a boat took about twenty to thirty days.

60 years ago

Culture clash

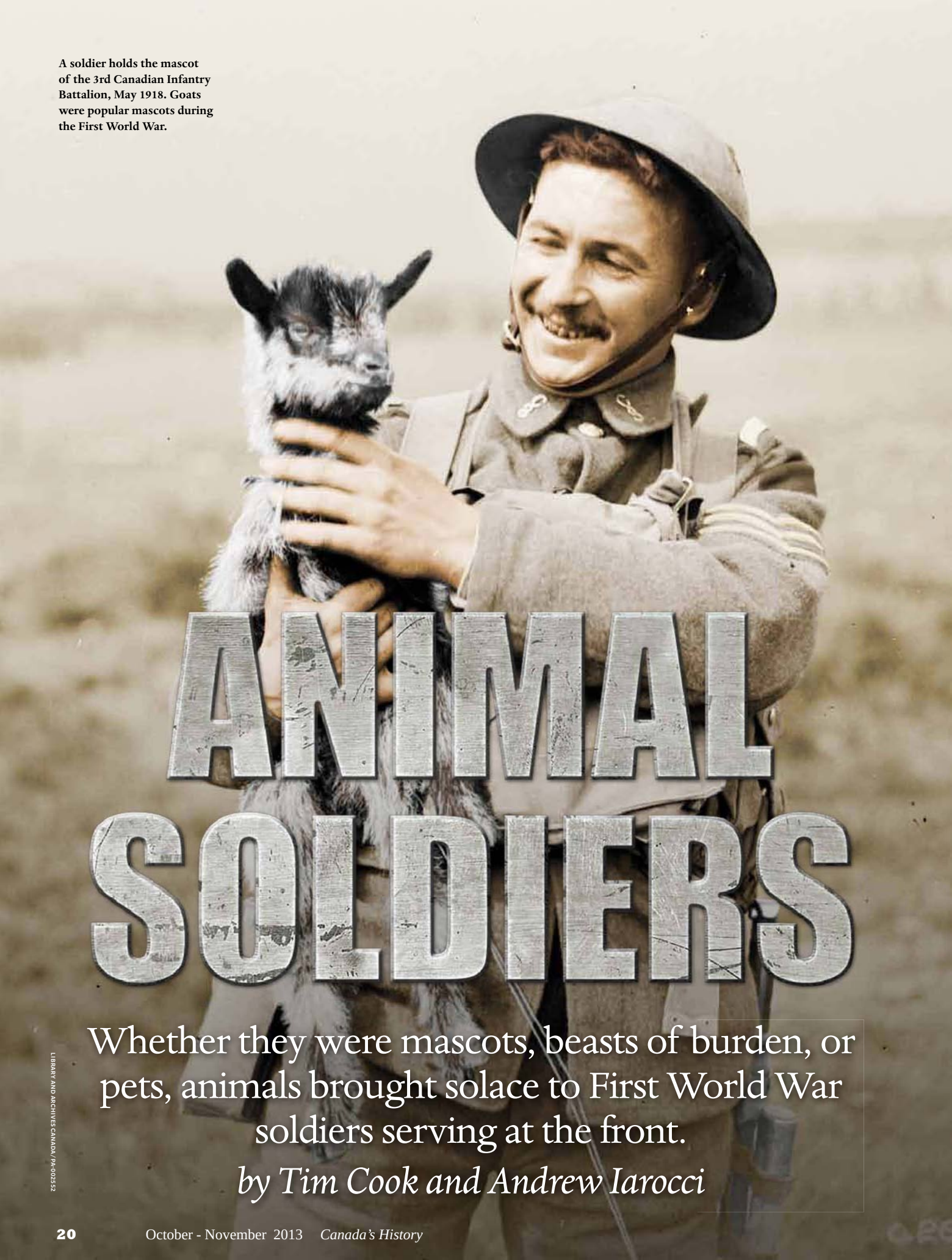
In the summer of 1953, *The Beaver* began a five-part series that departed from the norm in that the subjects of the articles were not in a clear Canadian context. The theme of the series reflected discussions in the academic community about the rapid pace of change for indigenous people in various parts of the world. The first article, "Into the Pacific," was written by noted anthropologist Margaret Mead. The autumn issue followed up with "Enter the European," an article about the natives of Brazil by anthropologist Charles Wagley.

30 years ago

A bestseller

Among his many credentials, historian Dr. Glyndwr Williams was also the former general editor of the Hudson's Bay Record Society. As such, he was the ideal author for the Autumn 1983 special issue, The Hudson's Bay Company and the Fur Trade: 1670–1870. Williams wrote ten articles covering the first two hundred years of HBC fur-trade history. The special issue included illustrations, artwork, photographs, and maps; most were from the HBC archives. The wildly popular issue sold out twice — once in 1983 and again in 1991, when it was reprinted.

The Beaver magazine was originally founded as a Hudson's Bay Company publication in 1920. To read stories from past issues, go to **CanadasHistory.ca/tradingpost**. To explore the history of the Hudson's Bay Company, go to **hbc.com/hbc/history**.



A soldier holds the mascot of the 3rd Canadian Infantry Battalion, May 1918. Goats were popular mascots during the First World War.

ANIMAL SOLDIERS

Whether they were mascots, beasts of burden, or pets, animals brought solace to First World War soldiers serving at the front.

by Tim Cook and Andrew Iarocci

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The Great War was an industrial war, a war of machines. Yet animals of many species played a huge role. Horses and mules moved supplies. Animal mascots stoked soldiers' pride in identifying with their units. Pigeons sent vital messages when other forms of communication went down. Cats, dogs, and other pets softened the hearts of soldiers living in the maelstrom of violence. The very presence of animals was a key link with ordinary pre-war life for the soldiers of 1914 to 1918.

Of the many animals involved in the war, horses and mules were among the most essential. Part of a complex battlefield transportation system that also included human muscle, motor vehicles, and trains, they were crucial to the war effort. Despite all of their vulnerabilities, no mode of forward military transportation was as versatile as horses.

Within the British field armies' zones of operations — of which Canadian soldiers formed a part — animal transport units were typically concentrated near the sharp end, immediately behind the firing lines. Bulk quantities of ammunition and supplies, stockpiled at bases near the English Channel, arrived in the forward areas on broad-gauge railway lines that usually terminated about a dozen kilometres behind the front lines. From there, motor lorries carried the goods to refilling points that serviced divisions in the line. At the refilling points, horse-drawn wagons took over, hauling bullets, shells, and grenades closer to infantry and artillery units.

Looking after the horses was a daunting task. For instance, in preparation for the 1917 Battle of Arras and the assault on Vimy Ridge, watering facilities had to be provided for up to fifty thousand animals in the Canadian sector. Engineers struggled to provide some 2.7 million litres of drinking water per day just to keep the animals fit. Given the wet weather, it was ironic that fresh water shortages limited the capacity of horse transport from January to March. By early April, before the attack on the ninth, the water supply for animals was so precarious as to permit only the most essential exertions.

Working close to the front was difficult for animals, as they scared easily under artillery fire. "During any action," the Canadian Corps' chief engineer observed in early 1917, "the handling of mules is a difficult and dangerous problem." And because they moved at different speeds, horses and motor vehicles did not easily share roads — especially with the addition of thousands of marching men. With roads crowded with traffic, there was little space to properly exercise horses when they were not at work. There was also a shortage of clean, dry standing areas for off-duty horses. Without proper care, exercise, and a good surface for rest, the animals easily succumbed to illness.

In many cases, horses suffered abuse or neglect at the hands of soldiers who were themselves routinely overworked, exhausted, and afraid. Some transport units attempted to improve efficiency by modifying wagons and carts to carry more weight than they, or their horse teams, were intended to handle. Adding stowage on top of the wagons made sense to

For more about animals in wartime, go to **CanadasHistory.ca/WarAnimals**

A nurse feeds cream to a white puppy during a picnic, June 1918.

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Winnie the Bear — the inspiration for Winnie-the-Pooh — with Canadian Harry Colbourn at Salisbury Plain, England, 1914.

sleep-deprived soldiers but exasperated the staff officers who watched in horror as draught animals struggled to pull extra weight. One officer was incredulous when he came upon some enterprising soldiers who had hitched up three or four overloaded Lewis machine gun carts in a makeshift train, with the entire assembly pulled by a single, battered draught animal.

Major D.S. Tamblyn, a Canadian veterinary officer in the 3rd Division, was appalled at the conditions endured by horses and advocated on their behalf. Especially troubling were the instances when drivers simply abandoned broken or exhausted animals where they fell on the roadside. Tamblyn dispatched veterinary sergeants on patrols to care for the abandoned creatures. "I deem this step necessary as a number of cases have been brought to my notice of animals being left to die on the roadside," Tamblyn wrote. "I trust this will eliminate such cruelty."

Tamblyn was not the only one deeply moved by the plight of the horses. Infantryman George Maxwell, of the 49th Battalion, wrote of a costly cavalry charge at Amiens, France, in 1918: "These unfortunate dumb animals, lying around disembowelled, with their entrails oozing out and blood flowing from their broken bodies, offended our sensibilities even more than the sight of dead and wounded soldiers." Thomas Dinesen, a recipient of the Victoria Cross, wrote of the horses: "I had dreaded more than anything else seeing half-dead and shell-torn horses left behind along the roads. It may be silly to feel more compassion for suffering beasts than for human beings, for surely animals have a much less acute sense of feeling than men? — and they don't suffer mentally at all, but somehow I can't help my feelings."

Many horse drivers were especially caring of their ani-

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Canadian soldiers play with puppies behind the line. May, 1917.

mals; some even believed the animals possessed special sensitivities that humans lacked. Private James Robert Johnston, a horse driver in the transport section of the 14th Machine Gun Company, wrote: "I believe my saddle horse knew more than I did and it is one of the reasons why I lasted as long as I did. He took care of me."

Canada's first overseas contingent embarked for the United Kingdom in the war's early months with a complement of some 7,600 horses. As the war entered its final year in 1918, the animal strength in Canada's overseas military forces approached twenty-three thousand. In comparison, the Canadians counted 1,009 motor lorries, 223 cars, eighty-four ambulances, and 2,327 bicycles on their transportation strength that spring — a ratio of slightly more than seventeen animals for each motor vehicle. In the final stages of a world war that was ostensibly dominated by machines, animals continued to outnumber other modes of road transportation by significant margins.

If horses were essential to military logistics, animals also buoyed the spirits of regiments and individual soldiers. Canadians often marched to war with mascots in their ranks. Animal mascots were part of the regimental tradition. They were given names and, sometimes, even a rank. Goats and dogs were popular, while black bears held pride of place with Canadian units eager to carve out unique identities within the British Expeditionary Force.

The most famous bear mascot was Winnie. Lieutenant Harry Colebourn, a veterinary officer with the Fort Garry Horse cavalry regiment, spied the black bear cub as the regiment passed through White River, Ontario, by train. The train stopped, allowing the men to get off to stretch their legs. As other soldiers bought overpriced sandwiches and alcohol, Colebourn haggled with a trapper for the bear.

Colebourn's journal entry for August 24, 1914, read, "Bought bear $20." It was lot of money in 1914, but the bear soon proved to be a favourite among the soldiers. Colebourn named the little cub Winnipeg, after his hometown. It was soon shortened to Winnie, who was a hit at training camps in Valcartier, Quebec, and then in England. The cub was gentle and friendly to all and delighted soldiers with a number of tricks, including climbing the centre pole of the soldiers' tents.

When Colebourn was ordered to France, he needed to find a home for Winnie and made arrangements at the London Zoo. Winnie was not alone at the zoo. Between 1914 and 1917, at least a dozen black bears were presented or deposited at the London Zoo by Canadian regiments.

Goats were also popular mascots. Sergeant Harold Baldwin, of the 5th Battalion, wrote of one of his companions, Private Billy: "Billy in his early days had jumped from crag to crag of the Rocky Mountains, had been brought down to Valcartier, and, in spite of having very prominent veins on his legs, he passed the doctor, and he was the only one of our battalion who ever appeared on parade without being punished for not shaving. Billy had duly marched as was his wont in front of the battalion, when, to the consternation of the boys, the colonel swore, as is the divine right of a colonel, that the goat must be left behind. Here was a real difficulty. We could not part with Billy; the boys argued that we could easily get another colonel but it was too far to the Rocky Mountains to get another goat."

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Canadian soldiers release a messenger pigeon, May 1917.

The *Canadian Daily Record*, a popular newspaper published for the Canadian soldiers throughout the war, featured Billy in its November 28, 1918, issue. "Sergeant Billy, the 5th Battalion mascot, enlisted at Broadview, Saskatchewan, on August 5, 1914. He has never left his unit, although he has been wounded, suffered trench feet, and had been shell-shocked." And, like his comrades, Billy loved beer.

The 21st Battalion had Nan, a white goat. She was cared for by the transport section but was well-known throughout the battalion, nuzzling men and swiping food. On the march to the Somme in the summer of 1916, a new transport officer found the goat a burden and sold her to a French farmer for twenty francs. The battalion was outraged and staged a rescue. In a nighttime stealth operation, Nan was saved and went on to serve all the way to the Rhine River in Germany. Mascots like Nan were prized possessions for many units, building character while bringing cheer and a little pageantry to the long marches across France and Belgium.

Animals also contributed to another vital battlefield role — communication. Telephone lines were often cut by artillery fire, while wireless radios were in their infancy. Human runners delivered vital messages, but they often became casualties, or got lost.

Seeking a rapid and reliable means of communication, commanders turned to carrier pigeons. Messages were placed in small capsules that were attached to the pigeons' legs. Teams of pigeons were housed in mobile lofts, usually

Pack horses transport ammunition to the 20th Battery, Canadian Field Artillery, in preparation for the Battle of Vimy Ridge in April 1917.

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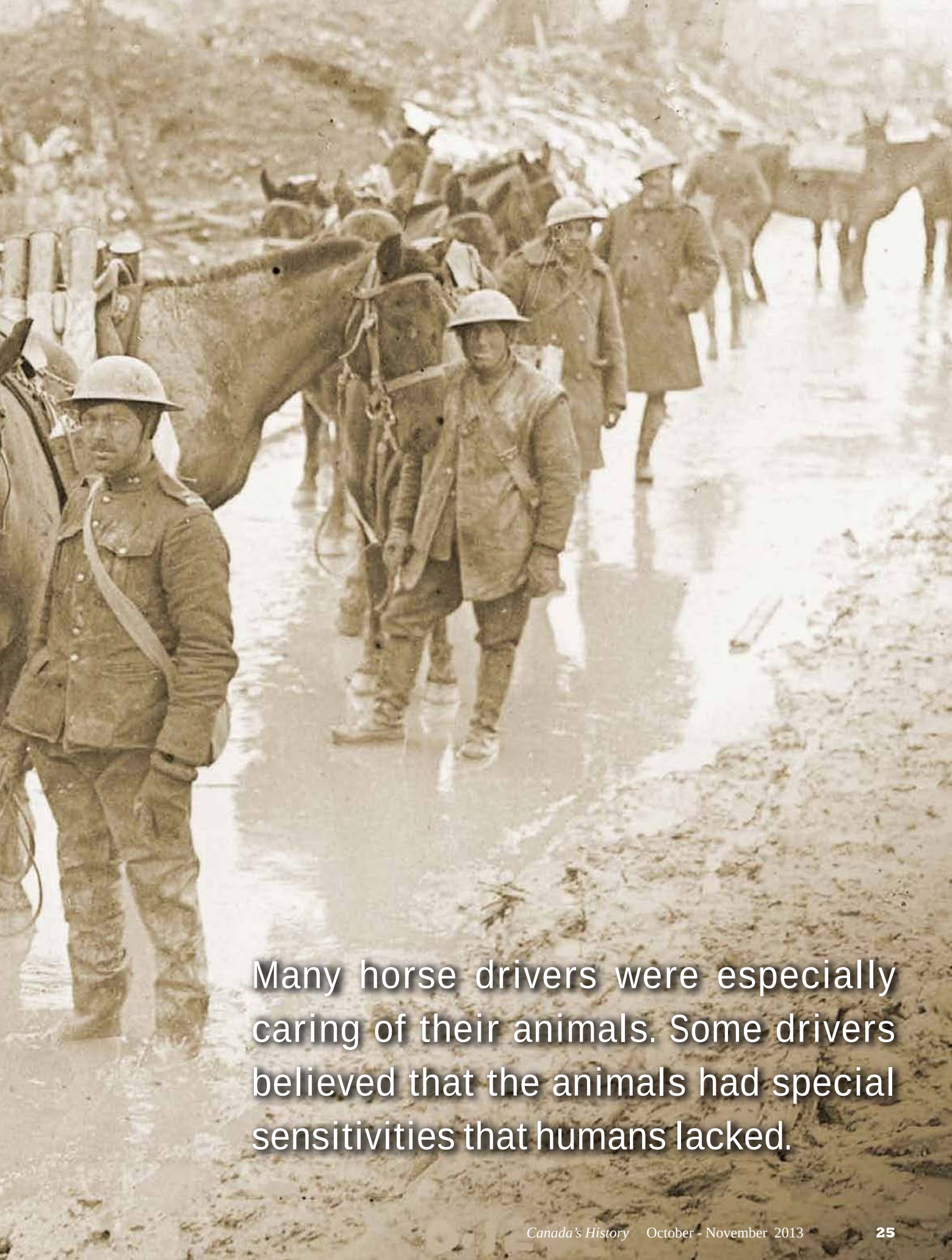

Many horse drivers were especially caring of their animals. Some drivers believed that the animals had special sensitivities that humans lacked.

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Lieutenant Colonel John McCrae, a surgeon and author of the famous poem "In Flanders Fields," with his dog, Bonneau, whom he befriended at Ypres, Belgium, in 1915. McCrae also had a horse named Bonfire.

mounted on trucks or buses. Purpose-made baskets were supplied to the troops for carrying pigeons into battle. As an attack was underway, soldiers at the head of the advance released pigeons to inform headquarters of their progress. Artillery support and reinforcements could then be provided as necessary.

Concerned that carrier pigeons might be used by spies to send messages, the British Home Office prohibited their use by civilians early in the war. Like most animals at the front, poison gas doomed many pigeons to a short life. There were also rumours that hungry soldiers would occasionally augment their mundane rations with pigeon pie.

Meanwhile, in the trenches, cats and dogs walked freely among the men. Many were abandoned animals found behind the lines, in empty villages, and on farms. Soldiers took pity on them and soon gave them new homes. Basil Craig wrote his sister Grace of his unit's trench pet: "I don't know whether I told you about our famous kitten. It is a cat with a history. There are a lot of trench cats and they are a blessing. You have no idea how thick and impudent the rats and mice are. Really and truly you sometimes have to kick a rat out of the way as he won't stir otherwise and there are some big fellows. To get back to our cat — it is called Whizz Bang. One of our men took pity on this kitten and brought it down here. It is very cute and lots of fun."

Both dogs and cats helped to control the rat population. Hal Kirkland, of the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry, wrote to his mother in April 1918: "There are numerous dogs running around the trenches and no man's land — all sizes and builds. Goodness knows where they come from. There's certainly no lack of sport for them if they like hunting rats, and some of the rats are huge enough to give a dog an exciting time." Lieutenant Clifford Wells noted proudly that his platoon's terrier had set a record by killing forty-three rats in just a few minutes.

Yet the front was dangerous for animals and humans alike. Pools of poison gas could be active for hours, and mustard gas, introduced in the summer of 1917, persisted in mud and water for weeks. Many pets must have been lost in the toxic wasteland.

Agar Adamson wrote to his wife, Mabel, in February 1917: "My poor kitten who has not been well for some days died this morning after a fit. I am really quite upset. We had become such great friends. I and he always used to sleep in my sleeping bag. He was much more like a dog than a cat." As a long-service veteran, Adamson had seen hundreds of men killed and wounded. They too made an impression on him, but the loss of a pet could hurt in a different way. Horse drivers experienced similar emotions when their animals were killed or injured.

The keeping of trench pets revealed a deep sentimentality among the soldiers. Hardened by combat, and by the loss of their comrades, many men were moved by their animals. Small kittens could be buttoned up in a coat or battle jerkin to keep them and their owner warm. "The animals are the greatest of chums, and very popular with the soldiers," reported the *Canadian Daily Record*.

The famous poet and doctor John McCrae had a dog and

a horse. The gruff Colonel W.E. Ironside, a legendary British soldier who was a staff officer in the Canadian 4th Division, had a bulldog named Gibby who followed him everywhere. After the war, a Canadian veteran wrote that Gibby was "badly gassed twice and came under shellfire quite often, but luckily escaped being [seriously] wounded and survived the war." Gibby returned to England with Ironside, who later became chief of the imperial general staff.

Perhaps the most exotic pet belonged to Andrew McNaughton. One of the Canadian Corps' most gifted artillery officers, McNaughton owned "His Highness Prince Anthony Yvon Nijinsky Boum," more commonly known as Tony. Tony, a lion, was born in the Paris zoo. He found a new home at the Canadian Corps Heavy Artillery headquarters, where an open-air run was constructed for him. The three-month-old Tony, in the words of one gunner, was a furry mass with large paws and an enormous head who had acquired a "reputation for unusual viciousness" and liked to claw at people who came near McNaughton. One staff officer wrote: "With us he was like a huge playful kitten," but for those who were frightened around him, he often fixed his eyes on them, opened his mouth, and crouched as if to spring.

Tony liked to lay at the feet of McNaughton, who would reach down and scratch him as he studied intelligence maps of enemy gun emplacements and planned out artillery bombardments. Visitors to McNaughton's office often missed Tony — or mistook him for a rug — and he would slowly, stealthily, crawl up to them and nip at their legs. Captain Lennox Napier recounted with satisfaction how one surprised Royal Air Force colonel became mute with fright upon discovering the beast and leapt back five yards. The fun did not last forever, though. Tony eventually found himself at the London Zoo, keeping company with the black bears.

When the war ended in November 1918, there were about twenty-three thousand horses and mules in Canadian service at the front. What to do with them? The London Zoo was not an option. An ocean voyage to Canada was both impractical and cruel; only a few officers' chargers went back to Canada. The Belgian government ended up purchasing Canada's war horses. The troops, some of whom had been driving the same beasts for two or three years, were heartbroken when orders came down to surrender the animals for sale. "The general feeling," according to D.E. Macintyre, a Canadian infantry officer, was that the horses deserved "as good treatment as a lot of the conscripts we have in the army."

By June 1919, virtually all of the horses had been sold to the Belgians. Postwar life for the horses included draught work on farms, delivery work in the towns, and mining work in the countryside. Some also stayed with the colours, this time with the Belgian cavalry. The last fifty horses on strength with Canadian troops in France served with burial parties, hauling decomposing corpses from temporary graves to permanent ones.

Like the horses, very few of the pets or mascots made it back to Canada. Winnie, the most famous Canadian mascot, remained at the London Zoo. A gentle bear, she enchanted visitors by allowing children to ride on her back. One of Winnie's fans was the author A.A. Milne, who took his son, Christopher, to visit the zoo. Father and son loved the little bear that Christopher called Winnie-the-Pooh. Milne was inspired to pen stories that became the beloved Winnie-the-Pooh series. On Winnie's death in 1934, several London newspapers wrote obituaries. Since 1981, there has been a bronze statue of Winnie in the London Zoo. Tens of thousands visit the monument each year.

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A kitten born in the trenches, June 1916.

Among the few mascots that did come home were the goats Billy and Nan. Nan of the 21st Battalion was smuggled aboard ship for passage from France to England, where she narrowly escaped slaughter by order of stern members of Britain's Agricultural Board. The battalion refused and staged another operation to whisk her back to Canada. Nan eventually found a home at the stables of the Royal Military College in Kingston, Ontario, and lived to the ripe age of twelve.

The 5th Battalion's beer-swilling Billy returned home to Saskatchewan but died shortly after the war. Veterans had him stuffed and placed in the Great War Veterans' Association Headquarters in Regina, no doubt looking on with envy as his old comrades downed their drinks.

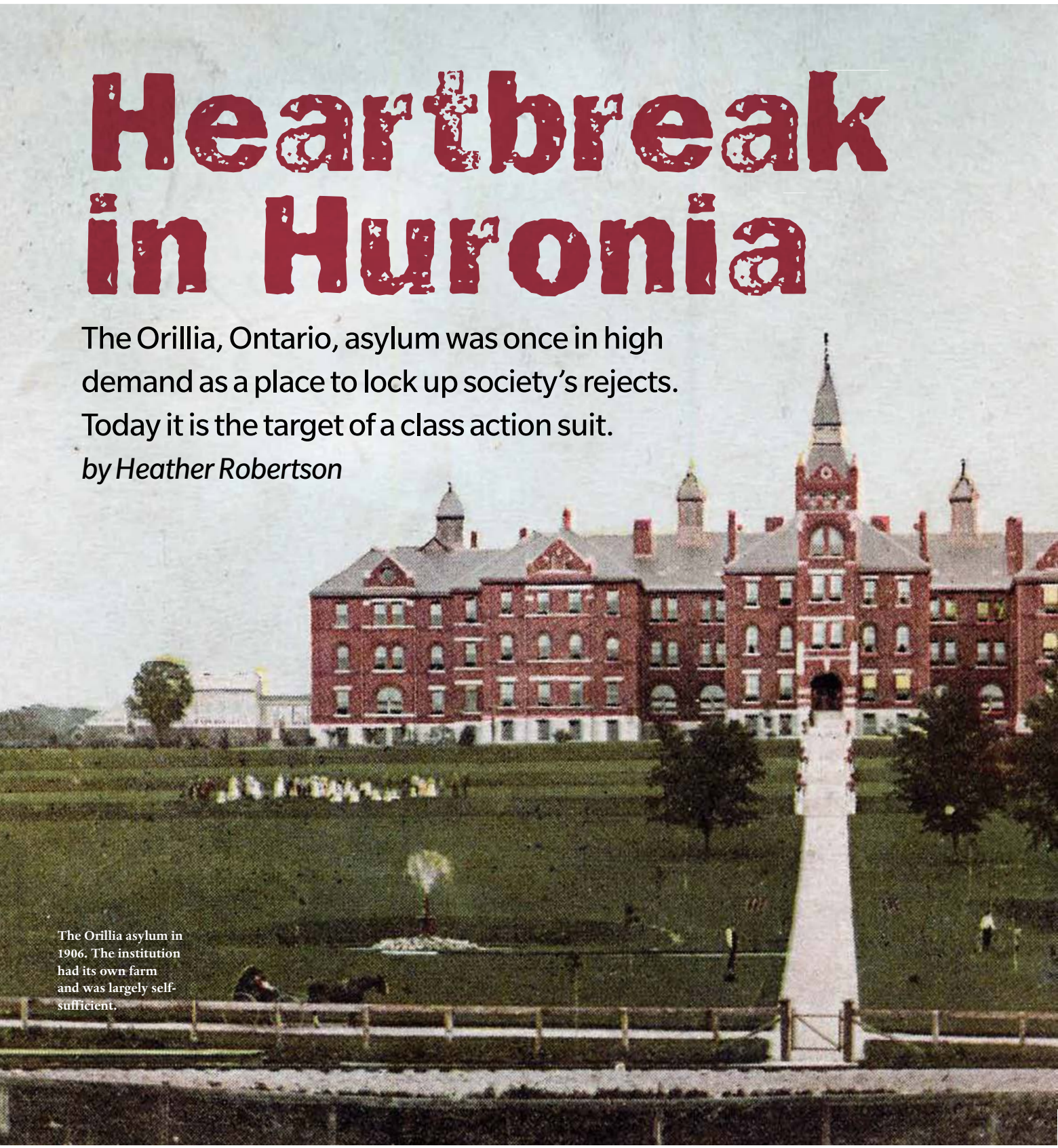
In 2004, a cenotaph was unveiled in London's Hyde Park to honour animals in war. It marks the sacrifice of hundreds of thousands of animals in twentieth-century conflict. An inscription reads: "They Had No Choice."

The more than sixty thousand Canadian dead of the First World War are commemorated as individuals, in Commonwealth War Graves Cemeteries, or on monuments. It is worth remembering that there are also countless mass graves, now lost to memory, for the horses and mules that served in the conflict, and many smaller unmarked graves for beloved pets and mascots who brought strength to Canada's soldiers in time of war.

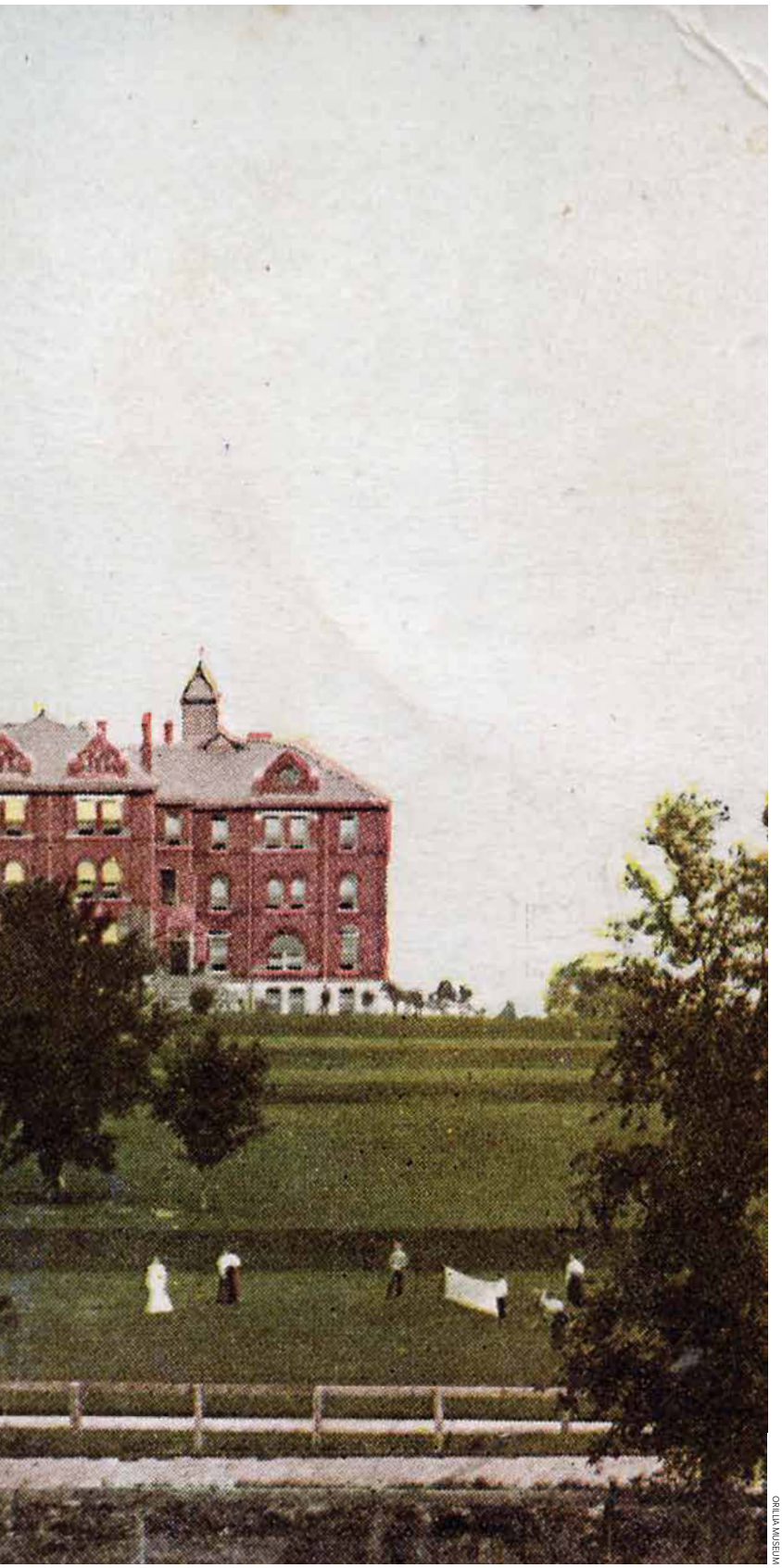
Heartbreak in Huronia

The Orillia, Ontario, asylum was once in high demand as a place to lock up society's rejects. Today it is the target of a class action suit.

by Heather Robertson



The Orillia asylum in 1906. The institution had its own farm and was largely self-sufficient.



ORILLIA MUSEUM

On a November day in 1952, four-year-old Marilyn Sidey rushed downstairs to welcome her mother home from the hospital. "Where's the baby?" she cried, seeing her mother's empty arms. Her mother burst into sobs, and young Marilyn was chastised for upsetting her.

"I knew the baby wasn't coming home," she recalls today, "and I wasn't to talk about it. I was told he had been 'born wrong.' But my head was swirling. I had planned to look after him, and I wanted to know where he was. But my mother didn't know where he was and didn't want to know. She thought it would destroy our lives."

As Marilyn Sidey — now Marilyn Dolmage — discovered years later, the baby, Robert Bruce, had been placed in a private nursing home in Hamilton. He had been diagnosed with Down's syndrome. In 1956, Robert, a beautiful child, was admitted to the Ontario Hospital School, a sprawling, red-brick provincial institution for the intellectually disabled of all ages in Orillia, Ontario. Robert died there of pneumonia in 1961 and was buried in the family plot in Hamilton. The only time Dolmage saw her little brother was in his casket; she thought he had died years before.

Her brother's death had a huge impact on Dolmage. "I had a mission," she explained. She became a social worker and in 1968 went to work at the Orillia institution. During the next five years, she not only read Robert's file, but she also gained an intimate insight into Ontario's highly controversial treatment of the "retarded," a label once used for people with a wide variety of intellectual and psychological disabilities.

One of Dolmage's clients was Marie Slark. Admitted to the Orillia Hospital School by the Children's Aid Society at age seven in 1954, Slark was transferred to an approved foster home in 1970 so she could attend high school in Orillia. She now lives and works in Toronto. Slark remembers the institution as a punitive place where she suffered, and witnessed, humiliations and unjust punishments; she alleges she was sexually abused in the foster home but kept silent for fear of being sent back. "Being retarded is like a crime," Slark said. "It's not our fault."

In 2009, Slark, with Dolmage acting as her litigation guardian, became one of two plaintiffs in a $2-billion class-action lawsuit against the Ontario government; Jim Dolmage, Marilyn Dolmage's husband, acts as a guardian for Patricia Seth, the other plaintiff. Seth was a resident of the school, renamed the Huronia Regional Centre in 1973, from 1964 until she left on her own in 1979. She recalls living in terror of being physically punished for "speaking out."

The suit, which was still before the court at the time of publication, claims damages for negligence, breach of fiduciary duty, loss, injury, pain and suffering, and mental, emotional, and spiritual trauma. The lawsuit is on behalf of about

To view historic reports about the Orillia asylum, go to **CanadasHistory.ca/OrilliaAsylum**

five thousand people who were residents of Huronia from January 1, 1945, until the institution closed on March 31, 2009.

In its statement of defence, the Ontario government claims no knowledge of some of the allegations, and denies all the others. It further states, "if the residents of HRC [Huronia Regional Centre] have suffered any loss or damages, such loss or damages were as a result of acts and/or omissions not within the power or control of the Crown."

By speaking out in court, Slark and Seth are shining a harsh spotlight on Ontario's long, anguished history of caring for thousands of outcasts, once labelled "idiots," who, until recently, have been locked up and hidden away, skeletons in our common closet.

Orillia's institution was created in 1876 as the provincial Asylum for Idiots. With the study of mental illness in its infancy, "idiot" was the accepted way of defining "lunatics" who could not be treated or cured. Lunacy was an accepted medical diagnosis of the time, and idiocy was a form of lunacy. Idiot is derived from the Greek word *idiotas* or "one set apart." Idiots included slow learners, epileptics, the deaf, mute and deformed, incorrigible troublemakers, the elderly, and the homeless. Forced to rely on church or private charity, the indigent resorted to begging, prostitution, and petty theft and were often thrown into jail with thugs and drunks. By providing them with a safe refuge, the villagers of Orillia could display Christian compassion and find a profitable use for a derelict building, originally intended as a tourist hotel, overlooking beautiful Lake Couchiching.

The first residents were described as old and debilitated. But by the time Dr. A.H. Beaton became superintendent in 1877 there were fifty-two children. Here was a challenge. Like

STEPHANIE LAKE/CANADIAN PRESS

Marie Slark, left, and Patricia Seth in July 2013. The two former patients at Huronia are the lead plaintiffs in a class action suit.

his colleagues in the United States and Great Britain, Beaton believed that many of these children could be educated sufficiently to become productive citizens, but his pleas for a school fell on deaf ears. An anonymous reporter for the *Toronto Globe* gave a perceptive and sympathetic portrait of the asylum in 1881:

"There are here a few dozen of girls perfectly helpless and lacking the desire to help themselves; unconscious even when spoken to, and needing to be lifted from place to place, and to have every service performed for them. There are also here congenital idiots whose misshapen skulls, distorted into all sorts of ungainly shapes, plainly indicate the hopelessness of any attempt to develop their facilities. On the other hand — and these are really the saddest cases — there are children here, mainly private patients, who have no business in any place but their homes.

"Some of the children — [as] bright and intelligent looking as anybody's darlings — seemed to be suffering from nothing more than exaggerated shyness. The look of the startled fawn was in their eyes. An idiot asylum is no place for them…. It would be better far to leave the children [in] their homes, where they would at least associate with other children from whom something could be learnt."

Yet these children were not wanted at home. Public clamour for admission to the Orillia Asylum was loud, constant, and persuasive. Large institutions — hospitals, jails, warehouses — were fashionable in the late-Victorian era. Doctors responsible for committing patients to Orillia believed that an asylum offered the best care. It also relieved families of emotional and financial burdens — and hid a shameful secret:

"Idiocy is chiefly due to heredity," Beaton told *Toronto Empire* reporter Faith Fenton in 1890. "I think that it should be made unlawful for ministers to marry people whom they know or believe to be weak minded."

Such convictions — widespread in Beaton's time — were bolstered by the sensational history of a single family in New York State. A study of the Jukes family linked hereditary feeble-mindedness to illegitimacy, prostitution, syphilis, poverty, and crime.

Few families in puritanical, conservative Ontario were brave enough to bear the stigma of inherited depravity. Thus, the asylum's population ballooned. Overcrowding, with patients sometimes sleeping on the floor, would become a chronic problem for the next hundred years. The institution became larger, moving into an expanding complex of brick buildings on a scenic slope west of Lake Simcoe. It had its own artesian well, sewage system, laundry, kitchens, and vegetable garden. As surrounding land was purchased, a piggery and dairy farm were added. Renamed the Ontario Hospital in 1907, the institution became an isolated, self-sufficient village of several hundred patients and staff. In this village, the doors were always locked, and the residents, who were sexually segregated, lived under constant surveillance in huge dormitories.

The most able boys and men were put to work in the gardens and the barns; they also cleared swamps, piled stones, and landscaped the hospital's extensive grounds. These tasks, called "training," provided healthy outdoor exercise and a sense of accomplishment, but the more skilled and experienced a patient became the less likely his prospects of discharge; he was too valuable to lose. The brightest women and girls were taught to sew and knit; by 1928, a few of the most accomplished kept the entire population in clothing and socks. Patients also helped clean the dormitories, wait on tables, and do the laundry.

Their work was lightened by recreation: skating and tobogganing in winter, swimming and outdoor games in

BARRIE DAVIS/GLOBE AND MAIL/CANADIAN PRESS

Residents of the Ontario Hospital in Orillia at work in 1971. By this time, the institution had undergone gradual reforms.

summer. Classes in simple rhythmic gymnastics were held in the spacious recreation hall; movies and choir singing formed part of an educational program that emphasized a kindergarten curriculum. Townspeople were invited to an annual Christmas concert and a June picnic. A barber kept the patients trimmed; a dentist filled or pulled their teeth; a gardener provided fresh-cut flowers.

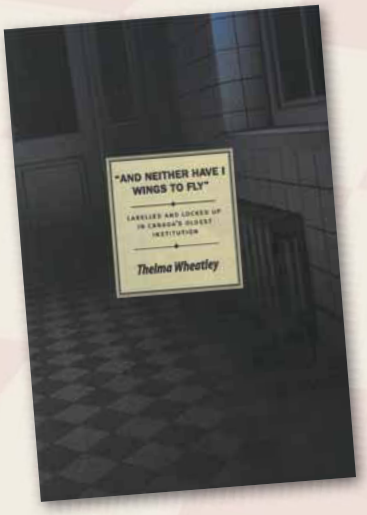
The village prospered. The cows gave enough milk for more than a thousand residents, and the gardens yielded a bounty of fruits and vegetables. In fact, carloads of surplus potatoes were shipped to other Ontario institutions. The hospital boasted of being the cheapest asylum to run in the entire world.

It may also have been the most crowded. Most of the patients were unable to work and were confined to their wards, where they were bedridden or strapped in chairs. For the chronically incontinent, conditions were horrible; their mattresses were constantly fouled by urine and feces. All were classified, according to the severity of their disability, from low-grade idiot to imbecile or high-grade moron. Feeble-minded was almost a compliment. Almost no one was discharged.

The patients were provided with vaccinations and on-site hospitalization. The annual death rate varied from four to eight per cent. By comparison, the death rate average among the general population in the 1920s was about one per cent. The unclaimed dead were buried in a cemetery near the farm; each headstone was identified with a flat, concrete number.

By the late 1920s, some influential experts were arguing that the "mentally defective" should be sterilized. The Alberta and British Columbia governments went so far as to impose forced sterilization. But Dr. B.T. McGhie, who took over as superintendent of the Orillia institution in 1928, had a different view. He advocated for his patients to be educated to the maximum of their abilities with the goal of reintegrating them into society "as healthy, independent individuals." In his first year, fifty-seven residents were successfully transferred to homes. Everyone was given a training program, some as simple as tearing rags, sandpapering, or using the toilet; the highest achievers practised counting, speaking clearly, and penmanship.

In 1933, 348 residents were returned home or placed in the



Book describes shocking details of life in Orillia asylum

A powerful new book by Thelma Wheatley — *And Neither Have I Wings to Fly* (Inanna Publications, 2013) — tells the stories of three generations of a large intermarried Toronto family, most of whom were labelled "idiot," "imbecile," or "retarded."

Several were confined for years to the Orillia Asylum for Idiots, as it was called in the late nineteenth century. Researching the family's hospital records, Wheatley brings the family members and their doctors, nurses, and social workers vividly to life by imaginatively recreating confrontations, personal traumas, and daily life at home and in the Orillia Hospital School, as the institution was later named.

Much of the book focuses on Daisy Lumsden, Wheatley's friend. Lumsden's name and others used in the book are pseudonyms to protect identities.

Having raised an autistic son, Wheatley expresses convincingly the preoccupations and speech patterns of the intellectually disabled. She also places Daisy's own harrowing family history in a broad social context: the fear that "morons" would soon take over the world, reliance on IQ tests to identify and segregate the "feeble minded," the rise of the birth-control movement, and public debate over sterilization.

Critical and compassionate, *And Neither Have I Wings to Fly* is an unprecedented insider's view of an isolated world and a critique of our responsibility for creating it.

— Heather Robertson

Being sent to live with strangers, could be traumatic for young people habituated to the total care of an institution, and they were vulnerable to exploitation or neglect.

community on probation. But as the Depression deepened, some community services suffered. For instance, Colony House, a group home for young women in Orillia, burned down and was not reopened: many of the girls had "eloped" or run away.

Over time, the Ontario Hospital School, as it was renamed, held only the more severely disabled. Schools began redirecting the less "retarded" children into remedial and vocational classes. Only the "hopeless" — those with IQ scores under 50 out of 100 — went to Orillia.

By 1956, when Robert Sidey was admitted, the isolated eighty-year-old institution was an Orillia landmark, a major employer, taxpayer, and customer. But the lid blew off in January 1960, when *Toronto Star* columnist Pierre Berton compared the school to a Nazi concentration camp. Berton, who had visited with a friend and his intellectually disabled son, described rotting buildings, an "appalling stench," and beds crammed together head to head, less than a foot apart. Up to ninety people were crammed into each ward; one wash basin served sixty-four people, and there was just one bathtub for every 144 residents. "The thought of fire makes the hair rise on your neck," Berton wrote. The school had 2,800 residents, a staff of 1,116, and a waiting list of 1,500.

Berton's revelations focused sympathetic public scrutiny on the plight of the mentally challenged throughout Ontario and brought gradual reform to Orillia. Decrepit buildings were demolished and others were modernized; staff training was upgraded, and the school, with some four hundred pupils, was brought under the Department of Education with a public school curriculum and accredited teachers. Social workers recruited volunteers and supervised the transition of capable residents to sheltered workshops or approved homes. By 1971, the Orillia institution had only 1,900 residents.

Being sent to live with strangers, however, could be traumatic for young people habituated to the total care of an institution, and they were vulnerable to exploitation or neglect. In February 1971, Jean Marie Martel was found by a roadside with severe frostbite, having run away from the farm where he had been placed; in March, Frederick Sanderson, a Cree from Kapuskasing, hanged himself in the barn of the farm where he had been living in squalid conditions. Both had been residents of the Rideau Hospital School near Smiths Falls, Ontario. After a brief official investigation, Toronto lawyer Walter Williston produced a merciless indictment of the treatment of the mentally challenged throughout Ontario.

A convert to the emerging theory of "normalization," Williston castigated the monolithic institutions for "a century of failure and inhumanity." He also condemned the pitiful financial support for parents wishing to raise their disabled children at home.

"Civilized society must provide every child with the opportunity of developing to his optimum potential," he said. "Mentally retarded persons should be helped as far as possible in the context of their families, the communities in which they live, or to which they will return, and the schools they attend."

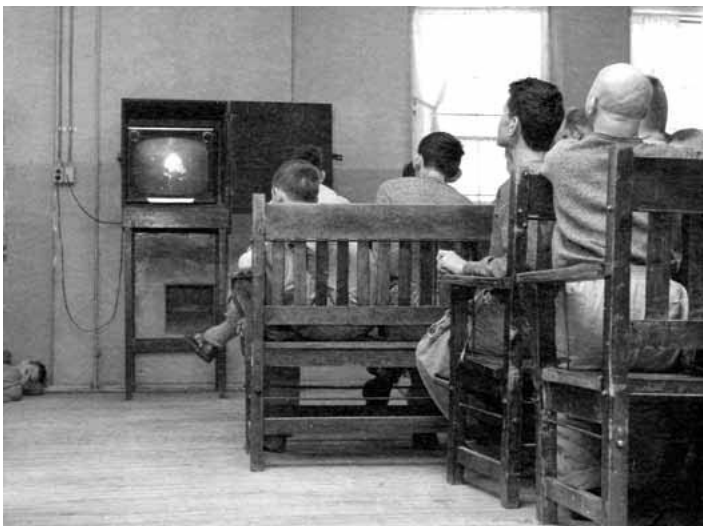
At the renamed Huronia Regional Centre, the consequences of Williston's report were devastating. Jurisdiction of the centre was transferred from the Ministry of Health to the Ministry of Community and Social Services, resulting in a bog of bureaucratic infighting. A drastic, arbitrary reorganization of residents and staff into new units in 1976 led to anger, depression, and demoralization. In May of that year, a resident raped and murdered another resident, prompting an investigation led by Dr. Joseph Willard.

Willard found a community in crisis, with a large number of emotionally disturbed and psychotic residents who were potentially dangerous. He worried about excessive sedation, lack of privacy, and poor recreational facilities. Most of the 1,400 residents were moderately to profoundly intellectually disabled; a staff of 1,600 was barely adequate.

Far from closing Huronia, Willard recommended that a smaller new facility with a recreational complex be built on the grounds. Meanwhile, the enormous difficulties of integrating the mentally challenged into the community were emerging. Parents — estranged or restricted to weekend visits — barely knew their children. Neighbourhoods could be hostile to group homes, and the homes could be unpleasant. On trips into Orillia, the "winkies," as the Huronia residents were called, faced ridicule, avoidance, and accusations of bad behaviour. They discovered that life outside the institution could be lonely, impoverished and unhappy.

But, like the unsinkable Mariposa Belle, immortalized by Stephen Leacock in his satirical stories about Orillia, the Huronia Regional Centre steamed on even as it shrank in size. It finally closed in 2009.

The action was scheduled to go to trial on September 16, 2013, and last most of the fall. If it goes ahead — class actions are usually settled out of court — testimony will reveal the disturbing history of our treatment of the intellectually disabled over 137 years.



MARIO GEO/TORONTO STAR

Patients watch television in the Ontario Hospital School, circa 1960. The institution came under scrutiny at this time for severe overcrowding and lack of hygiene.

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GENUINE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

THE GENUINE ORIGINALS

The NHL's original six teams are not who you think they are.

Even non-hockey fans can appreciate that 2013 has been a remarkable year for Canada's national sport. In part that's because the prime minister has gotten into the game. Stephen Harper's much anticipated book on the history of Canadian hockey is due out in November.

Another reason hockey has scored big on the public's radar this year is that, for the first time since 1979, the Stanley Cup final featured two teams — the Boston Bruins and the Chicago Blackhawks — that were part of National Hockey League's "original six."

Or were they?

There's an argument to be made that of the six so-called original teams only one, the Montreal Canadiens, can really lay claim to that title. That's because the others — the Bruins, the Blackhawks, the Toronto Maple Leafs, the New York Rangers, and the Detroit Red Wings — were not among NHL's original teams when the league formed in 1917. While Toronto was in the league then, the team had a different name.

If defined as the first six clubs of the NHL, then the real original six are the Canadiens, the Montreal Wanderers, the Ottawa Senators (not to be confused with the team resurrected in 1990), the Toronto Arenas, the Quebec Bulldogs, and the Hamilton Tigers (not to be confused with the football team of nearly the same name). And — fittingly for a country that defines itself as a hockey nation — all were based in Canada.

Most of those teams did not survive to see the present day. The Wanderers drifted off shortly after the NHL was formed; the cash-strapped Senators moved to St. Louis at the height of the Depression; the Arenas were renamed the St. Patricks and then, in 1927, became the Toronto Maple Leafs; the Bulldogs moved to Hamilton in 1920 and reinvented themselves as the Tigers; and the Tigers were declawed after players in 1925 launched the first strike in NHL history, prompting the owner to sell the team to New York.

Of course, the game then bore little resemblance to professional hockey today. No helmets, no masks, and not much pay — the Tigers' strike was over a demand by players to be paid an extra $200 for being in the playoffs. Back then, team captain Wilf "Shorty" Green was making $3,000 a season.

Today, the average annual salary of an NHL player is $2.4 million. And the number of teams in the NHL teams has ballooned to thirty. The number of those teams based in Canada? Seven.

MONTREAL CANADIENS

The Canadiens hockey club was founded in 1909 and is the oldest professional hockey franchise in the world. Created to appeal to Montreal's francophone community, the team won its first Stanley Cup in 1916 as part of the National Hockey Association (NHA). The club captured twenty-three more championships as part of the National Hockey League (NHL).

MONTREAL WANDERERS

The Wanderers team was formed by Montreal's anglophone business interests in 1903 and had a strong start, frequently winning or defending the Stanley Cup in amateur leagues. However, the team's fortunes turned when it joined the NHL, in part because many star players had moved on to fight in the Great War. After losing four of the five games played in the NHL's inaugural season, and then losing its home arena to a fire, the club disbanded.

TORONTO ARENAS

Formed in 1917, the Toronto Arenas club is the ancestor of today's Toronto Maple Leafs. The Arenas — and the NHL — came into existence in 1917 as a result of a dispute between Toronto Blueshirts owner Eddie Livingstone and other owners within the NHA.The new league excluded Livingstone but allowed Blueshirt players to play on the new Arenas team on contract. The media and the public often referred to the Arenas as the Blueshirts or the Torontos.

QUEBEC BULLDOGS

The Quebec Hockey Club — popularily known as the Bulldogs — was formed in 1878 and won two Stanley Cups as part of the NHA. When the NHL was formed, the club was by far the smallest market in the league. After a dismal 1919–20 season — four wins and twenty losses — the NHL took back the franchise and sold it to owners in Hamilton, preventing a potential competing league from setting up in that Ontario city.

OTTAWA SENATORS

Often referred to as the "original" Ottawa Senators, this team was created in 1883 as the Ottawa Hockey Club. It was Ontario's first hockey club. and was considered one of the greatest teams of early hockey, winning eleven Stanley Cups. Yet, while the talent pool in the Ottawa Valley was big, the market was small. The NHL franchise lost money, resulting in its move to St. Louis in 1934, where it was renamed the St. Louis Eagles. In 1990, the Senators name was resurrected for the Ottawa NHL franchise of today.

HAMILTON TIGERS

Formed in 1920 after the Quebec Bulldogs franchise moved to Hamilton, the Tigers had a lacklustre debut before things began to turn around in the 1923–24 season. Things again looked up in the 1924–25 season, and the team had a solid chance at the Stanley Cup. However, the players refused to be in the playoffs unless they were paid extra; the club refused. The players opted to sit out the playoffs. The Victoria Cougars won the cup that year, while the Tigers were sold to New York.

HISTORICAL COLLECTION OF THE GREAT LAKES, BOWLING GREEN STATE UNIVERSITY

FRESHWATER FURY

The monster storm of 1913 was the Great Lakes region's most destructive weather event on record.

by Bruce Kemp

A man examines bodies washed ashore at Goderich, Ontario, November 1913. The life jackets are from the *Wexford*.

On the morning of November 10, 1913, eight-year-old Frida Talbot awoke to see a strange and terrifying scene in her farmyard near Bayfield in southern Ontario. Her family's hens were frozen upright in the snow like "feathered flowers," she said. Not only that, the sheep she had let out the day before were standing, unmoving, in a corner of the family's field. They, too, were frozen solid, the victims of the Great Lakes Storm.

In the most destructive natural disaster to hit the region within recorded history, hurricane-force winds combined with wet snow and freezing temperatures to wreak havoc on land and on water. The monster storm and its aftermath were both terrifying and unforgettable for the people who witnessed them.

Captain George Plough, in charge of the American life-saving station at Port Huron, Michigan, remembered looking out over Lake Huron and spotting the hull of a steamer floating in the waves, apparently raked clean of its stacks and masts. He asked the Canadian tug, *Sarnia City,* to take him to the wreck to search for survivors and to see if he could identify the ship. As Plough approached the floating wreck he was amazed to discover the reason why there were no deck structures visible — he had been looking at the bottom of the massive freighter's hull. It had, as lake sailors say, turned turtle. Then bodies from the wreck began to drift ashore.

In the towns and villages bordering the Great Lakes, people understood, without being told officially, that something serious had taken place. Cities like Cleveland, Buffalo, and Detroit were virtually shut down because of heavy snowfalls. Toronto and Pittsburgh were brought to a halt when from twenty-five to fifty centimetres of snow fell overnight. Hundreds of telegraph and telephone poles were down, cutting off communication for people desperate to receive informa-

tion about ships caught in the storm.

Over the ensuing days and weeks, the Lake Carriers' Association — which represented owners and sailors aboard ships on the Canadian and American sides of the lakes — gathered a massive amount of information. But it still took almost a month to compile a list of the dead and the lost ships.

Families waited anxiously for news of loved ones. Amy McConkey was seven years old when family members gathered at the Barrie, Ontario, home of her father, Edward McConkey, the captain of the SS *Regina*. Decades later, Amy, who died in 1988, wrote her recollections of that time:

"All eyes seemed glued on a newly installed phone hanging on the wall. Each person seemed to feel that at any moment, a call could come. Perhaps from a triumphant Ed himself to say that the *Regina* was safe in harbour. The call never came, and as the day wore on there was weeping from distant parts of the house…. In the late afternoon I took refuge under the large kitchen table. I remember the phone hanging on the wall near the table, close to the side door. Hidden by the patterned tablecloth no one seemed to notice me as I lay face down for what must have been several hours….

"From my refuge I could hear the telephone calls coming in and hear the messages which the adults relayed to one another. They spoke of bodies being washed ashore all day long. By evening, any hope which had persisted earlier was dispelled and I listened as my uncles planned to take the night train to Huron's ports."

ANDREW WORMAN

A map shows the paths of two major storm systems that collided to form a super storm in 1913.

Theories abound about happened to the *Regina*, a package freighter carrying goods for small northern lake ports. But one thing is certain — the ship was among the nineteen vessels lost in the storm. And Captain McConkey and his entire crew were among the 256 people killed.

The storm developed when two weather systems collided over the region. One system developed in the west over the Pacific and made landfall around Prince Rupert, British Columbia, then travelled inland. The other was born off the West African coast — the North Atlantic's hurricane nursery — making landfall at the Carolinas before edging northwest through the Ohio Valley. The two violent weather systems smashed into each other over Lake Huron.

Although writers and historians point to November 9, 1913, as the day of the hurricane, the first of the bad weather swept the length of Lake Superior on November 7, and it continued through to November 11.

Frida Talbot remembered how November 9 began: "In the morning we drove to church with the horse and buggy, and it was nice. But it started to snow in the forenoon on that Sunday. When we came home from church it was snowing a little bit more and more…. By the middle of the day it [really] started to blow and snow. We remember that day it was so wild because it was snowing so heavy."

Talbot's memory and timing coincides with the observations of the captains who survived the gale.

Classified as an extra-tropical cyclone, the tempest drove viscous, wet snow that blinded sailors who were just trying to survive, let alone find a safe port. Shrieking gusts of wind changed direction faster than the waves could follow, swinging from west to northwest and north then back again. Temperatures at sea and on land plummeted, and waves grew until they were taller than the wheelhouses of many ships.

Observers on shore reported wave heights of six to ten metres, while reports from surviving ships claimed some waves were fifteen metres — or almost five storeys — high. With sustained winds of ninety kilometres per hour that gusted to one hundred and seventy, the storm became a benchmark for bad weather. Some meteorologists have called it a five-hundred-year storm.

To listen to a song about the Great Lakes Storm, go to **CanadasHistory.ca/1913StormSong**

The tempest struck just as ships on Lake Superior — grain and ore carriers, package freighters, and passenger ships — were making their last runs of the season in a race against the "witch of November," the nickname given to the notorious late-autumn conditions on the lakes.

The SS *Leafield*, which was carrying a load of steel rails from Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, to Fort William, Ontario, may have been the first ship lost to the storm. The *Leafield* was wrecked on Angus Island near Fort William, with all fifteen hands lost.

In a strange twist, two men who narrowly missed sailing on the *Leafield*'s final voyage would become related through marriage. Clarence Compton was a wheelsman on the *Leafield* who, while at the Soo, had just been promoted as a second mate to another ship, the SS *Piliki*.

"In great haste, he took only a few clothes with him and left $400 in the safe aboard the SS *Leafield*," Gordon Compton, his son, recalled in 1996. "My father did not receive any compensation for his clothes or his money."

Meanwhile, the man who would become Gordon Compton's uncle — A.B. Weber — was promised a job on the *Leafield* but missed the ship by a matter of hours. Three years later, the

Above: The *Northern Queen* is pictured on a card that nicknames her the "Stranded Queen." The November 1913 storm drove the ship into the sand near Port Franks, Ontario, where local residents staged a dramatic rescue. The whole crew survived.

two men met when Compton was boarding with the Weber family in Collingwood, Ontario.

"It came out in conversation how both survived the sinking of the SS *Leafield* but did not know one another at the time," said Gordon Compton. Clarence Compton ended up marrying A.B. Weber's sister — Mabel Weber — in 1920, forever linking the two families.

There are many stories of sailors who missed their boats before the big storm. They failed to board for a variety of reasons — some as puerile as being fired for urinating in a washbasin. Others were spooked by their ships, their captains, or the coming November gales.

Regardless of the reasons, a number of men left their ships without seeing the season through. Some of them would play a significant role in the following days; others would bring a little comic relief to the aftermath.

John Thompson had been a wheelsman on the *James A. Carruthers*, the newest and largest bulk freighter in the Great Lakes fleet. But Thompson quit the ship early without letting his parents know. Meanwhile, newspapers reported that the *Carruthers,* a grain ship heading from Fort William to Midland, Ontario, on the shore of Georgian Bay, had been lost with all hands.

As the storm diminished and rail travel was opened up again, Thompson finally made it to his parents' home in Hamilton. As he walked into the front room, he was astounded to see a crowd of people in mourning around a casket. When asked what was going on, he was told they were grieving for the Thompsons' son who was lost in the Great Lakes storm.

It was clear to Thompson that the bloated body of the man in the casket was not his. Once the shock wore off, his father explained how the mix-up had occurred. He had gone to Thedford, Ontario, where a number of recovered bodies had been placed in a morgue. He found one body with a tattoo on its hand that was similar to one John had. From this he concluded that the corpse belonged to his son. The drowned sailor in the coffin was never identified.

LAMBTON HERITAGE MUSEUM

LAMBTON HERITAGE MUSEUM

As the winds abated, a horrific pattern was repeated on lakes Huron, Michigan, and Superior. Crewmen clothed in shrouds of ice were being tossed ashore by the pounding waves. At Port Franks, just north of Sarnia, Ontario, a lifeboat from the *Regina* was driven ashore by the winds. It carried three frozen bodies. Nearby were found the corpses of other sailors from the *Regina* along with crew from the American steamboat *Charles S. Price*.

Further north on the Canadian shore, the dead from the SS *Wexford* and *James A. Carruthers* were being recovered at Bayfield, just south of Goderich. Austin Schwalm was a curious seven-year-old at the time. Interviewed at his home in Stratford, Ontario, in 1996, the then ninety-year-old Schwalm said the sight of the dead bodies didn't bother him: "They had a couple of dead sailors, and word got up to the school, and we were very close to the undertaker, so we went down there at noon to see these dead sailors…. They were lying on the floor…. I think they had on just what they were wearing [shirts, pants, socks, and shoes]."

Schwalm skipped school for the afternoon and went down to the shore, which was littered with kegs of rum and other wreckage. As he clambered across the debris, Schwalm spotted his first body. "He was covered over in sand, kinda laying on his side." By the end of the day, he and the other searchers had found five more bodies.

For the next nine months, the lakes would continue to give up their dead. One of the last bodies to surface was that of Captain Edward McConkey of the *Regina*. It was found near Port Sanilac, Michigan, in August 1914, but its recovery did not make the headlines as it should have — the news was overshadowed by the start of the First World War in Europe.

One mystery that surrounded the *Regina* has not been resolved to this day. Many drowned sailors from the *Charles S. Price* were found to be wearing *Regina* lifebelts. No one knows why. Initially, some people speculated that the overturned hull that Captain George Plough had seen was that of the *Regina*. They believed that a collision probably occurred in which *Price* sailors were somehow given *Regina* lifebelts.

Top right: The "mystery ship" floats upside down. It was later identified as the *Charles S Price*. All of the ship's crew members were lost.

Bottom right: A man inspects a flattened boathouse at Lake Huron Park, just north of Sarnia, Ontario.

When the *Regina* lifeboat carrying its frozen corpses came ashore, some suggested this was evidence that McConkey had attempted a daring rescue at sea in impossible conditions. But, since the witnesses were all dead, no one could know for certain. Still, it is most likely that McConkey and his crew did attempt an incredible act of bravery. When the wreck of the *Regina* was finally found in 1986 a mile from the Michigan shore at Port Sanilac, the boat davits had been swung out, indicating the lifeboats were intentionally launched.

One possibility is that McConkey had probably witnessed the *Price*, a big bulk carrier, capsize as that ship's captain tried to turn her southbound. Whether McConkey brought the *Regina* close enough to throw lifebelts to *Price* sailors thrashing about in the frigid water or actually tried launching a rescue boat isn't known. But the life jackets found on the *Price* crew members suggest that something was done.

Nothing could be done for the mariners whose ships had disappeared completely. But some sailors, like those on the SS *Northern Queen*, which went aground on the sandy bottom near Port Franks, Ontario, were given a chance at survival. Lying only about a frustrating thirty metres from shore, the *Northern Queen* was broadside to the waves that smashed along her entire length. The exhausted crew members were terrified that the ship would break up at any minute. After an unsuccessful attempt to launch a lifeboat, the sailors began jumping into the surf.

On hearing the emergency whistles from the boat, a crowd of local farmers hurried down to the shore. When they got there, they could see the desperate attempts of the survivors to reach the beach. A number of farm lads dove into the waves and towed the weary men to shore. Every sailor on the *Northern Queen* was rescued, and the ship was refloated and put back into service.

Safety was not so easily reached for the crew of the *Turret Chief*, which ran aground ten kilometres east of Copper Harbour, Michigan, on Lake Superior. As the ship was being pounded to pieces, the crew abandoned her with just what they were wearing. Several fled without shoes. The survivors built a crude hut onshore where they sheltered until several trappers found them them and guided them to safety through the drifting snow.

Not so lucky were the crew of the US *Lightship 82*, permanently anchored off Point Abino in Lake Erie. Facing imminent death, Captain Hugh Williams managed to scrawl a farewell note to his wife on a piece of wood. "Good-bye Nellie. Ship is breaking up fast. — Williams." The note was found three days after the storm.

The storm's aftermath also uncovered the dark side of human nature. When officials were finally able to take a tug up Lake Huron's Canadian shore to where the *Regina* and *Price* bodies were found, they discovered that the pockets on the clothing of many of the bodies were turned out — suggesting theft. One of the dead had his money belt with $800

A funeral procession for storm victims at Goderich, Ontario, November 1913.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF THE HURON COUNTY MUSEUM & HISTORIC GAOL

REMEMBERING THE GREAT STORM OF 1913

A number of events are scheduled this fall to commemorate the hundredth anniversary of the greatest storm in memory to sweep the Great Lakes region.

In Ontario, the port of Goderich and other Lake Huron shore communities will host a number of events that will culminate on November 8, 9, and 10. A similar commemoration will be held on the American side of Lake Huron, where most of the shipping losses occurred.

Various museums, including the Huron County Museum, Bruce County Museum and Cultural Centre, Lambton Heritage Museum, will offer speakers, presentations, and special displays. A musical drama about the storm will be performed in Sarnia, Goderich, and, tentatively, Port Huron. Also in the works is a major exhibition combining heritage and education displays with a marine trade show and job fair.

A massive inter-denominational church service, not unlike the one held in 1913 immediately following the great tragedy, is planned for Sunday, November 10, to honour the lost sailors. A number of descendants of sailors who died in the storm are expected to join in the remembrance tributes. There are also tentative plans to erect a permanent memorial in Goderich in the form of a large, marine-themed metal sculpture.

Facing imminent death, Captain Hugh Williams managed to scrawl a farewell note to his wife on a piece of wood. "Good-bye Nellie. Ship is breaking up fast. — Williams."

in it taken. Locals were also carting away wreckage.

"Ghouls Rob Dead," screamed a headline in the *Sarnia Daily Observer*. The story opened with a passionate condemnation of the crime: "Terrible as has been the greatest of the Great Lakes tragedies, it has been left for men to make the horror even more horrible." The story went out over the wires to newspapers around the world that were clamouring for news of the disaster.

The identity of the overturned ship found near Port Huron, Michigan, became a guessing game for days. It wasn't until November 15 that a hard-hat diver from Detroit, William Baker, managed to make a dive on the ship, where he read the name painted on her bulwarks. She was the *Charles S. Price*.

Many survivors were badly shaken by their experiences. Captain W.C. Iler of the *George G. Crawford* told reporters, "the snow was falling so thickly it was impossible to see any distance. The only boat I saw was one of the Pickard, Mather and Co. fleet, the *Argus* I think it was. The storm swung her around in the trough of the sea and she appeared to crumble like an eggshell and then disappeared."

In the aftermath, experienced mariners struggled to explain a phenomenon they had never seen before. One theory of the time was that a "tidal wave" had swept Lake Huron. Captain Reginald Bassett first suggested this possibility in his testimony to the coroner at an inquest held at Goderich into the sinking of the Wexford.

The experience of the *Calcite*, bound for Port Colborne, Ontario, on Lake Erie, supported the theory. The *Sarnia Daily Observer* noted: "The theory that a tidal wave swept Lake Huron and caused the heavy loss to lives and shipping is being advanced by old mariners…. Captain Joseph Parsons [of the *Calcite*] reports that on Sunday Nov. 9, just abreast of Long Point [he] heard a terrific rumbling, washing sound far aft and turning beheld a gigantic wave, seemingly about thirty feet high, sweeping toward his boat at a terrific rate." The newspaper went on to note that the ship was running before the wave. Had the *Calcite* been broadside to the wave, it "would have been wrecked without a doubt."

In fact, the south end of Lake Huron has all the hydrographic features necessary to raise terrible seas. South of Goderich, the lake bed begins to shallow. This forces the energy contained within a wave to push the water up in larger than normal waves — the same principle that sees tsunamis gaining height and strength as they approach shore from the deep ocean.

In this stretch, the lake takes on a funnel shape that narrows toward the southern end. Large waves carrying an immense amount of energy can bounce off the shore and back toward the centre of the lake while increasing in ferocity. This can create confused seas that mariners can't predict.

Captain S. A. Lyons of the *J.H. Sheadle* reported that, during the storm, his ship was slammed by three enormous waves as it entered the top of the funnel near Harbor Beach, Michigan, on November 9: "The bell rang for supper at 3:45 p.m., which was prepared and the tables set, when a gigantic sea mounted our stern, flooding the fantail, sending torrents of water through the passageways on each side of the cabin, concaving the cabin, breaking the windows in the after cabin, washing our provisions out of the refrigerator and practically destroying them all."

HISTORICAL COLLECTION OF THE GREAT LAKES, BOWLING GREEN STATE UNIVERSITY

Wreckage washed ashore by the Great Lakes Storm of November 1913.

The first damaging wave was followed by two more that almost sank the ship as water poured through the engine room skylight, drenching two engineers. "I do not think it ever happened before when these two man had to stand by these two positions constantly," said Lyons. "From 2:30 p.m. until 5:00 the engines raced, requiring the greatest care and judgment."

Despite these conditions, the *Sheadle* and its crew managed to ride out the storm. Upon entering safe water at Detroit on the evening of November 10, the captain and crew finally relaxed, sitting down to their first regular meal since noon of the previous day. Beef and potatoes were served, noted the captain, who also confidently proclaimed in his report to the steamship company, "I can truthfully say to you that at no time during this storm did I have any fear whatever for the safety of the steamer, and if any of my crew thought different their actions did not show it."

A hundred years later, the Great Lakes Storm of 1913 remains a benchmark by which other storms have been judged. Meanwhile, improvements in weather reporting, marine technology, and ship management have progressed so much over the past century that the likelihood of any storm causing such damage and loss of life is almost non-existent.

HARD CHOICES

The Crysler cousins found themselves on opposing sides in the War of 1812 struggle for Upper Canada. One was lauded as a hero; the other was marked as a traitor.

by Christopher Moore

Re-enactors act out the Battle of Crysler's Farm in 2013.

UPPER CANADA VILLAGE

Above: ***Climax of the Action at Crysler's Farm,*** **a mural by Adam Sherriff-Scott, can be seen at Upper Canada Village, Ontario.**

November 11, 1813, came to be the proudest day of John Crysler's life. In retrospect, anyway. It would not have seemed that way as the day dawned.

The day before the Battle of Crysler's Farm, an enemy army came ashore and made camp about three kilometres downstream from the home of the Crysler family on the banks of the St. Lawrence River in eastern Upper Canada. By evening, Lieutenant Colonel Joseph Morrison, the young British officer whose small force was shadowing the invaders from the shore, had requisitioned for his headquarters the two-storey yellow farmhouse belonging to John Crysler, a captain in the local militia. In the morning, the American commander detached three thousand men to swat away the 1,200 or so British soldiers — and a few Mohawk warriors — coming up behind him.

It was John Crysler's fields that the armies chose for the confrontation. It was his wife and young children who had to seek shelter; his rail fences that marked out the skirmishing lines; his winter wheat crop that would be trampled into the mud; his home that would be crowded with military officers; and his outbuildings that would be turned into hospitals and morgues.

Defeat seemed inevitable. The farm would likely be pillaged and left in ruin as the Americans pushed downriver toward their ultimate target, Montreal. With much of western Upper Canada already in American hands, the collapse of British and Canadian resistance might follow. John Crysler, age forty-three, a refugee who had prospered in Upper Canada as a farmer, a family man, and a leader of his community, seemed doomed to seeing his life and livelihood destroyed.

Instead, the British regulars seized a hard-fought victory, and the American general, James Wilkinson, decided to give up and go home. This, along with another British victory two weeks earlier at Chateauguay near Montreal, effectively ended the threat of American invasion. By the morning of November 12, as British troops began to gather up their dead for burial, John Crysler's family and home were safe. "Crysler's Farm" became a synonym for victory and deliverance.

Five hundred kilometres west of John Crysler's farm, American raiding parties came marauding through Norfolk County on Upper Canada's Lake Erie shore during those same November days of 1813. They torched gristmills, seized food stores — and looked for allies. Many among the settlers on the Lake Erie shore were disaffected from Upper Canada's leaders and inclined to sympathize with the American cause. Around the port of Dover and up the Grand River, fighting was intense but loyalties uncertain. Within a day of John Crysler's day of glory at Crysler's Farm, loyal militias and armed groups who supported the Americans fought vicious skirmishes around the house of a pro-American farmer, John Dunham, at what is now Nanticoke, Ontario. Among those engaged was another farmer named Crysler.

Adam Crysler was in the thick of the fights around Dunham's house, but not on the loyal side. According to witnesses, Crysler had "declared his dislike to the government and laws of this country and avowed his determination to do all he could to alter them." Furthermore, "he appeared to be in some trust among the rebel party and had charge of a guard appointed to escort some British prisoners toward Buffalo." When the fighting was over, he was among those who laid down their arms and surrendered to the loyal militia of Norfolk County. In June 1814, Adam Crysler would stand trial for his life at Ancaster, Upper Canada, facing a charge of high treason.

Adam Crysler and John Crysler were first cousins, the sons of brothers. How did one become a leader and a hero of Upper Canada while the other stood trial as a traitor?

Timing, for one thing.

The Cryslers had originally been the Greislers (or maybe Kreislers). Johan and Katerina Greisler had been part of the immigration of King George's German subjects to the frontiers of the colony of New York around 1710. The British Empire had been good to those German settler families, and in the American Revolution many of them, including Johan and Katarina's grandchil-

ARCHIVES OF ONTARIO

JACKIE FREEMAN PHOTOGRAPHY

Right: A medal given to British forces at Crysler's Farm. The medal misspells Crysler as "Chrystler."

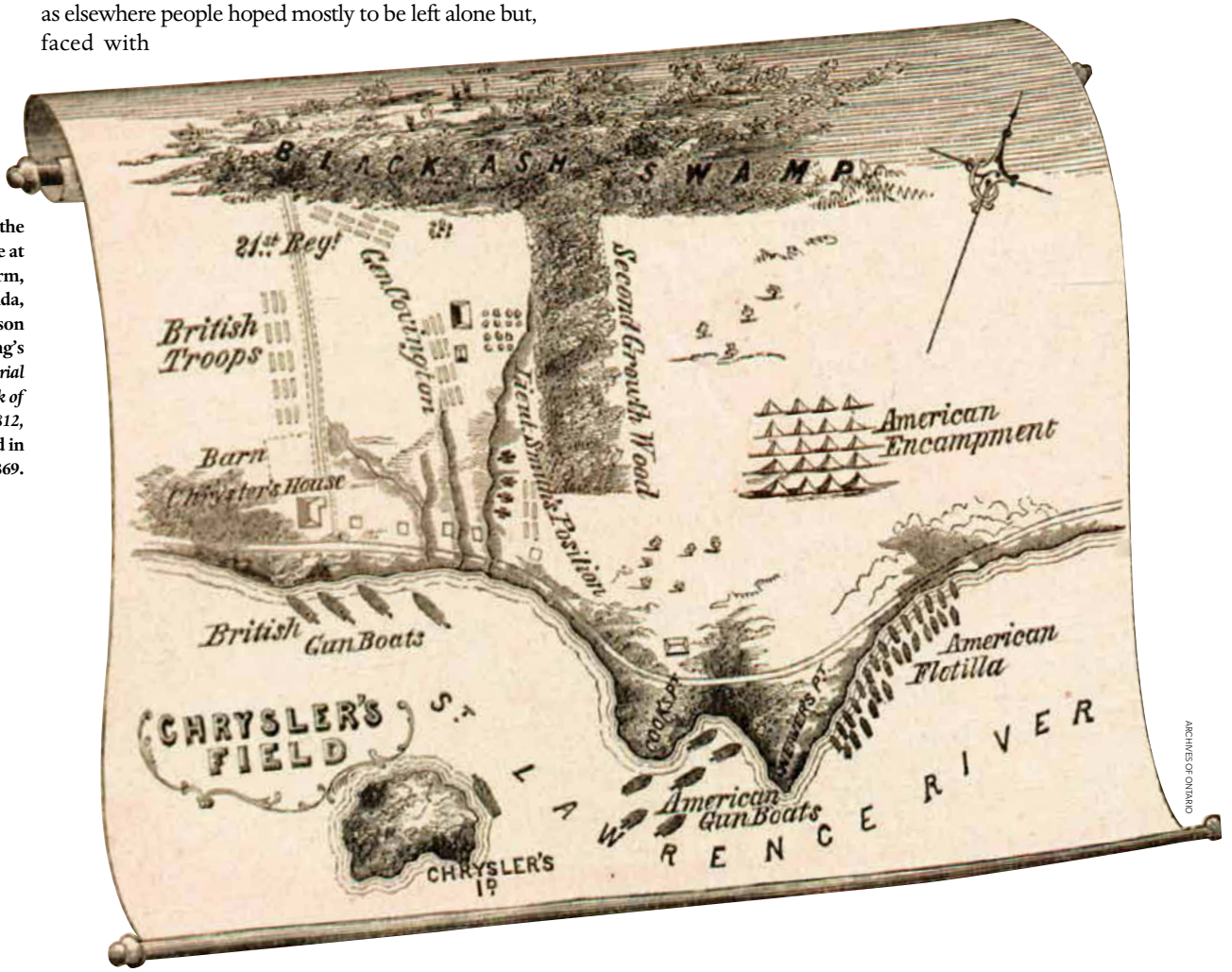
dren, became loyalists. John Crysler's father joined the King's Royal Regiment of New York. Young John was enrolled as a drummer boy of Butler's Loyal Rangers. He was just thirteen when the Revolutionary War ended in 1783.

In 1783 defeat meant permanent exile from home in New York State. But, as loyalists and veterans, young John and his father were each entitled to hundreds of acres of prime riverfront land in British territory on the St. Lawrence River. A landowner in his teens, young John Crysler quickly took advantage of his opportunities. He built up a prosperous farm. Because he lived so close to the river and its shipping trade, he opened a shop. With surging water power on his property, he built a mill and dealt in timber. By age thirty-three, he was twice widowed, with several children, and in 1808 he married his third wife, Nancy Finkle, who bore him ten more children. He was becoming a man of stature in the new community: a militia officer, a justice of the peace, and a member of the Upper Canadian legislature.

The British connection and Upper Canada had been good to John Crysler. Why would he be anything but loyal? Many in his neighbourhood had similar stories; they had been loyal soldiers rewarded in exile. When war returned in 1812, there as elsewhere people hoped mostly to be left alone but, faced with invasion, many were like Captain John Crysler: They had much to protect. As General Wilkinson, the American commander, led his forces down the St. Lawrence, the local militias peppered his boats with gunfire. Wilkinson took it as evidence of "the active universal hostility of the male inhabitants of the country."

For John's cousin Adam Crysler, just four years younger, the timing had been quite different. He had been too young to join either army during the American Revolution. Nor did his father, Balthus Crysler, join a loyal regiment, and his fate in the American Revolution remains mysterious. Some sources have Balthus joining — perhaps forced to join — an American revolutionary regiment. Others allege he was seized and hanged by the rebels before he could flee. Unlike many of the Cryslers, Adam seems never to have learned to write. Whatever his youthful experiences during the revolution, he apparently did not move to Upper Canada until the 1790s.

In those years, thousands of Americans were moving to Upper Canada. The Lake Erie shore had fewer loyalist exiles and more American settlers with no strong bond to Upper Canada. For most, migration was not political, just a search for better prospects in the rich farmland of the Niagara peninsula and the



ARCHIVES OF ONTARIO

A map of the battlesite at Crysler's Farm, Upper Canada, from Beson J. Lossing's *The Pictorial Field-Book of the War of 1812*, published in 1869.

cut off and his body divided into four quarters, and his head and
quarters at the King's disposal..." late July 1814. The Union Hotel

FIELDCOTE MEMORIAL PARK & MUSEUM/ ARTIST LORI LEMARE

Lake Erie shore. But the best farm sites and the places of authority in those communities were already filled. Adam would have received less land and fewer business opportunities in Upper Canada than his early arriving cousin John — though soon after their marriage, his wife Elizabeth Warner Crysler claimed land as a loyalist's daughter.

No one asked Adam to be a justice of the peace, a militia officer, or a patron of the local parish. As tensions grew between new settlers and the authorities, Adam seems to have found himself at home among the disaffected newcomers rather than the established leaders of the neighbourhood.

Before the war, these tensions were fought out in elections and in the Upper Canadian legislature. The representatives sent to the legislature by the Niagara and Lake Erie settlers were not government supporters like John Crysler. They complained, they dissented, and they led the opposition to the royal officials. When war came, they were accused of disloyalty, investigated, and threatened. In 1813, Joseph Willcocks, Benajah Mallory, and Abraham Markle, all southwestern Ontario members of the legislature, deserted to the American side. In September, Willcocks died fighting for the Americans at Fort Erie. Markle and Mallory persevered, organizing raids into Adam Crysler's home county, where they had supporters. With American forces now occupying most of western Upper Canada, some settlers there concluded the American system was not only better but certain to win as well. Why not join them?

This was no abstract matter of political differences. As neighbours fought neighbours, all the options were life-and-death choices. Evidence given at his treason trial suggests that Adam Crysler had made his choices and stood by them.

During May and June of 1814, the government of Upper Canada held the trials of those accused of aiding the Americans. The location — the Union Hotel in Ancaster — was high-risk: Until British victory at Stoney Creek on June 6 drove them back, the enemy's forces were only a few kiloetres distant. Nevertheless, these were civil trials, not military tribunals. Judges of the colony's highest court, King's Bench, formally arraigned Adam Crysler and a score of other prisoners on the charge of high treason. Lawyers were retained to represent each one. Juries and the witnesses for both sides were

FIELDCOTE MEMORIAL PARK & MUSEUM/ ARTIST LORI LEMARE

assembled, and the accused were brought forth in ones and twos to enter a plea and face trial. John Beverley Robinson, the colony's young attorney-general, prosecuted every case.

Through his lawyer, John ten Broeck, Adam Crysler pleaded not guilty. But he had been captured in arms, and eight witnesses testified to how active he had been in the American cause. He was convicted on June 16. Even the petition for mercy that one of the lawyers organized could only plead "the long-held loyalty and known respectability of his connexions and relatives" and "the deplorable state" into which his wife and nine children would be flung if he were executed and his property seized. On June 21 Adam Crysler was among fifteen men who heard the death sentence pronounced upon them.

Asked about clemency, Chief Justice Thomas Scott suggested that one or two executions would be sufficient to impress the population. The military governor was not so mild, and Adam Crysler did not rank high on anyone's list of candidates for pardon. He was not among the seven men spared death. On July 20, on the Burlington Heights overlooking Lake Ontario, Adam Crysler stood beside John Dunham,

Top: A mural at Fieldcote Memorial Park and Museum, Ancaster, Ontario, depicts the judges and Crown prosecutor who presided at a mass trial for treason.

Bottom: A Fieldcote museum mural shows the legs and feet of the hanged men.

Isaiah Brink, Noah Payne Hopkins, Dayton Lindsey, George Peacock Jr., Benjamin Simmons, and Aaron Stevens on a pair of wagons beneath a gallows with eight nooses. When the wagons pulled away, the eight men dropped to their deaths.

In July 2012, descendants of some of the executed men of 1814 gathered at the Fieldcote Museum in Ancaster, Ontario, to open an exhibit about the "Bloody Assize." At least four branches of Adam Crysler's family — who were previously unknown to each other — were linked through visits to the museum or online inquiries. Carol Rogers of Gananoque, Ontario, is a great-great-granddaughter of Adam Crysler's son Roger.

"You can't rewrite history," Rogers said recently, "and for some in our family, it had been a shameful chapter. But it was a joyful thing when we met. It would have been a great moment for Roger Crysler."

Roger Crysler was nine when his father was hanged. He was bound out as an indentured labourer to a local farmer, whom he served until he was twenty-one. Roger Crysler later became a successful farmer and the father of a large family.

Carol Rogers estimates there are about 1,500 living descendants of the hanged men. Crysler remains a familiar southern and eastern Ontario surname, including both black Cryslers and First Nations Cryslers who were part of the Loyalist migration.

Unlike the little skirmish around John Dunham's farm that doomed Adam Crysler, Crysler's Farm was a formal battle, more so than almost any battle of the War of 1812 in Canada. Lieutenant Colonel Morrison was seriously outnumbered — almost three to one, according to the best estimates — and his superiors at Kingston had told him not to engage.

MCCORD MUSEUM

Joseph Morrison was 21 when he led outnumbered British forces to victory at Crysler's Farm. This portait was made by an unknown artist in 1821.

But Morrison saw possibilities in the properties of John Crysler and his neighbours — open fields that lay a kilometre wide between the river and the forest and several kilometres long west to east. On these open fields, the companies of the 49th and 89th regiments could march and manoeuvre freely. Applying British drill and precision, Morrison saw that he would be able to deploy his well-trained forces to deliver devastating fire against the larger but less disciplined American units.

So it transpired. In mid-afternoon, the Americans came through the woods to outflank Morrison's force. British skirmishers and their Mohawk allies gave ground to their superior numbers, but when the Americans burst from cover to attack from beside and behind the British they found the companies of the 89th wheeling majestically to face them. The British infantry stood silently as the Americans charged, the "steady, steady" of the sergeants their only sound until the attackers were at point-blank range. Then coordinated rolling volleys annihilated the American flank attack.

Next, the American main force came straight across the fields against the 49th. Morrison's officers coolly redeployed the infantry companies and the field guns. Committed piecemeal, the Americans could not withstand the well-organized fire of the British. They broke and ran. Too late, the Americans brought up their own horse-drawn field guns — which were outflanked and captured. Finally, a brave, desperate cavalry charge — the only one seen in the Canadian War of 1812 — fell to pieces under devastating British fire. In the early November dusk, the American army took to its boats and crossed the river to its own side.

In the aftermath of the Battle of Crysler's Farm, Morrison sent Captain John Crysler to carry the dispatches that brought Montreal the good news. In time, Crysler would receive the British army's Crysler's Farm medal — and handsome compensation for the damage his farm had suffered: 430 pounds sterling, a small fortune. After the war, he would return to the Upper Canadian legislature, serve as magistrate and militia colonel, and continue as a farmer, merchant, and timber dealer. He would be a solid local pillar of the ruling elite of the Upper Canada that had been preserved from American annexation — and all the more respected for having lent his name to a battle that came to symbolize Upper Canadian military triumph. In the 1837 rebellion, aged sixty-seven, he led the local militia once again.

In time, John Crysler's family would replace the battle-tested farmhouse with a handsome brick home called Crysler Hall. Two hundred years after the battle, Crysler Hall still stands as the centrepiece of Upper Canada Village near Morrisburg, Ontario, with the monument to the Battle of Crysler's Farm nearby. The battle had not only saved his farm and vindicated his choices. For John Crysler and his family, it made possible all the successes that followed.

In the aftermath of the executions on Burlington Heights, the law was implacable: As a convicted traitor, Adam Crysler forfeited his property to the Crown. His widow and young children were left to fend for themselves.

Whether Adam and John Crysler ever knew each other, or John Crysler knew of his cousin's fate, was never recorded.

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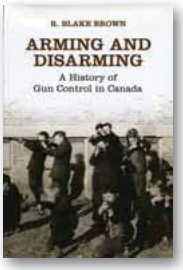


BULLET POINTS

Arming and Disarming: A History of Gun Control in Canada
by R. Blake Brown
The Osgoode Society, Toronto, 2012
370 pp., illus., $70 hardcover

To modern eyes that have seen too many images of school shootings, the dust-jacket photograph on this book is disconcerting: Snapped in Saskatchewan just after the First World War, it shows a group of boys brandishing rifles.

In *Arming and Disarming*, Blake Brown undertakes a thorough review of the history of gun control in Canada and explodes the myth that we have never been as gun-loving as our American neighbours. The prairie boys were not dangerous delinquents — Canadian lads under the age of sixteen could use rifles for hunting and target shooting without restriction well into the twentieth century.

Brown, who teaches history at Saint Mary's University in Halifax, found that firearms were surprisingly scarce in pre-Confederation Canada. Militiamen mustered without guns or armed with outdated muskets, and gun violence was almost unknown. An incident in 1857 prompted the *Toronto Globe* to note that it was rarely called upon "to record man-shooting in Canada."

That changed when the U.S. Civil War unleashed a flood of cheap, reliable firearms on both sides of the border. The threat of American invasion prompted the Canadian government to encourage rifle clubs and target shooting to ensure a body of trained marksmen was available if needed to defend the border. And, while Canada lacked a U.S.-style constitutional right to bear arms, John A. Macdonald and other political figures felt bound by the English Bill of Rights and its guarantee that His Majesty's subjects could possess "Armes for their defence."

But not everyone enjoyed this right. When gun-control measures were implemented, Brown shows, they left firearms in the hands of "trustworthy British men" while targeting ethnic groups considered potentially dangerous. Conquered Acadians and Canadiens in the 1750s, Aboriginals and immigrant labourers in the nineteenth century, and enemy aliens during the First World War bore the brunt of this double standard.

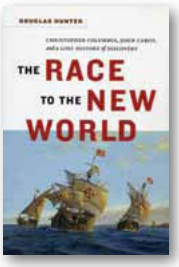
The distinction between handguns and long guns under Canadian law dates to the late 1800s, when access to cheap, easily concealed revolvers was blamed for a rise in shooting accidents, suicides, and crime. This "pistol fever," as one newspaper termed it, led to a ban on carrying handguns and restrictions on their sale to young people.

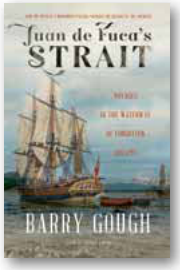
As for rifles and shotguns, it is surprising to learn that Ottawa demanded the licensing and registration of all firearms — even those owned by trustworthy citizens — as a temporary measure during the Second World War. That move foreshadowed the controversial long-gun registry established in 1995 in response to the massacre of fourteen women at Montreal's École Polytechnique in 1989. Brown takes the story into the present day and examines how ballooning costs undermined the public-safety rationale for gun control and enabled Stephen Harper's government to dismantle the registry last year.

Arming and Disarming provides fascinating insights into Canada's love-hate relationship with firearms. Macdonald, we learn, opposed an early gun-control measure in part because "lawless characters" from America "in the habit of carrying weapons" would be tempted to come north to prey on unarmed Canadians. And a Toronto gun dealer's 1882 advertisement touting the Winchester repeating rifle's ability to "kill sixteen Fenians in as many seconds without reloading" says something about prevailing attitudes toward Irish extremists.

One of the most intriguing nuggets is Brown's discovery that the fledgling U.S. National Rifle Association turned to Canadian shooting clubs in the 1870s for inspiration and advice. Canadians "taught us practically our first rifle lessons," a sportsmen's magazine noted at the time, and Americans "owe her [Canada] a lasting debt of gratitude." Given the gun violence and bitter gun-control debate gripping America today, Canadians can only wish we could turn back the clock.

Reviewed by **Dean Jobb**, a journalism professor at the University of King's College in Halifax.





MAKING WAVES

The Race to the New World: Christopher Columbus, John Cabot, and a Lost History of Discovery
by Douglas Hunter
Douglas & McIntyre, Vancouver, 2012
287 pp., $34.95 hardcover

Juan de Fuca's Strait: Voyages in the Waterway of Forgotten Dreams
by Barry Gough
Harbour Publishing, Madeira Park, B.C., 2012
287 pp., illus., $32.95 hardcover

During the fifteenth century, the notion that you could reach the east by sailing west was a laughable idea for most people. Persuading people of influence to risk large sums of money to prove the point was about as challenging as actually demonstrating that the world was round. What kind of explorer could do both?

In *Race to the New World*, Douglas Hunter presents Christopher Columbus and John Cabot as cut from the same cloth — both were ambitious, brilliant, determined, ruthless, not above bending the truth when it suited them, and always one step ahead of the debt collectors. Both raised themselves out of humble origins to come before kings and queens with the same fabulous idea for obtaining wealth — to sail west over the "Ocean Sea" and discover a quick trade route to the riches of China and India.

The outcome is well-established history: Columbus found an enthusiastic backer in Queen Isabella of Spain and landed in the

present-day Caribbean (which he thought was the Orient) in 1492, and Cabot, supported by England's Henry VII, made landfall in the "new founde land" of North America in 1497. Neither explorer came through on their promise of a quick route to riches; both disappointed their royal patrons.

Hunter's book is not a straightforward adventure tale; it's more of an analysis of how Columbus and Cabot pulled the strings necessary to get their plans in motion. It's a complex story with many characters and much political intrigue, made even more dense by the fact that there are many competing versions of what took place. For instance, there was a whole movement to discredit Columbus by the friends of Martín Alonso Pinzón, captain of the *Pinta*. Pinzón's champions held that it was Pinzón's skill, not Columbus's, that got the three exploration ships across the ocean and that it was Pinzón who saw land first. Pinzón never got to tell his side of the story; he died of a tropical illness shortly after returning to Spain.

When Hunter focuses on Columbus and Cabot, the reading is easy. The explorers are presented as not having the most sterling of characters — Cabot, a self-taught engineer, took the money and ran after a bridge-building project he proposed proved beyond his capacity; Columbus kidnapped hundreds of slaves in the hope that their sale would dig him out of debt. The author builds a compelling case not only that the two mariners knew each other but also that Cabot had sailed on Columbus's second voyage.

The writer follows the many, many threads — including wars, the interconnections among the royal families of Europe, new developments in map-making and navigation, and a huge cast of characters — that connect to each explorer. These can be difficult to follow.

All in all, it's a well-researched story, fascinating in some places, slow going in others, but rewarding in the end.

Barry Gough's poetically named *Juan de Fuca's Strait: Voyages in the Waterway of Forgotten Dreams* is a short history of the search for the fabled Northwest Passage from the Pacific side. The title refers to explorer Juan de Fuca's tale of sailing up the west coast of North America in 1592 and discovering a strait that, he claimed, led to a great inland sea. That sea, it was hoped, would take ships east through the continent to emerge on the Atlantic side. Juan de Fuca never had a chance to prove his story in a follow-up voyage, but his tale fuelled exploration for centuries to come.

Mariners such as Captain James Cook doubted the story, but it was an idea that simply would not die. In fact, the entrance to the strait described by de Fuca was rediscovered in 1787 by English Captain Charles Barkley, who named it after its original discoverer. Barkley was unable to make much headway through the strait because of unfriendly Natives who killed six crew members who went ashore for supplies. Even when not under attack, the strait to this day proves difficult to navigate because of strong currents and tricky tides.

Nonetheless, word of Barkley's rediscovery reinvigorated the search for the elusive passage via the strait. Captain George Vancouver's voyages finally put the search to rest in 1792 when he definitively proved that the strait did not lead to the Atlantic.

Readers with a strong interest in marine history will appreciate Gough's detailed knowledge of the subject — he's a veteran naval and maritime historian who has written more than a dozen books. The general reader will learn a lot more about the back story of that body of water between Vancouver Island and the state of Washington.

Reviewed by **Nelle Oosterom**, Senior Editor of *Canada's History* magazine.

HOME AND NATIVE

The Inconvenient Indian: A Curious Account of Native People in North America
by Thomas King
Doubleday Canada, Toronto, 2012
304 pp., $34.95 hardcover

The Inconvenient Indian, Thomas King's latest book, is a history of the relationship between North America's Natives and non-Natives in the centuries since the peoples first met. Perhaps it's better described as a subversion of history, as King builds a detailed case for how Natives have been, and continue to be, trampled by non-Aboriginal people.

The book is serious but immensely readable, for King (who is part Cherokee) delivers his message in an unconventional manner — with humour and biting, clever wit. Reading one page, my sides were sore with laughter; on the next, tears ran down my cheek.

King reviews a variety of Native-non-Native interactions, including treaties, removals, residential schools, and relocations, and he concludes that these were simply ways "to shuffle Indians out of the way of White settlement and economic development." Along the way, he also serves up healthy dollops of political satire, mocking North America's "military-political-corporate complex" and supply-side economics. Happily, his book, while thoroughly researched, is devoid of footnotes and academic obfuscations. It is a delightful read with a powerful message.

The Inconvenient Indian is personal — an expression of "a conversation King has been having with himself and others for most of his adult life" about what it means to be an Indian. He reinterprets numerous historical events, takes a detour into film and pop culture by describing Hollywood's love affair with the Indian, and relates his own experiences with activism.

Most of all, he builds an impressive case regarding how Natives have been treated. King scathingly debunks the role given to Natives in contemporary history and convincingly shows that Natives have been duped, massacred, assimilated, and dealt with deceitfully since the start of colonization — and, he stresses, this continues today. Although *The Inconvenient Indian* takes a lighthearted approach, beneath the surface it seethes with rage.

King's humour and easy-going style reminded me of Peter Gzowski, except that King is funnier. His approach is casual and endearing, and the reader can't help but be drawn to and empathize with the author. This is good, for we all need to hear his message. *The Inconvenient Indian* should be required reading in every school and university in North America.

King's work spans both the United States and Canada, a reflection of his own bi-nationality and also, as he states, because the border doesn't exist for Aboriginal people. He was born in California to a Cherokee father and

Greek mother, earned a Ph.D. in Native literature at the University of Utah, and has been living in Canada for the last twenty-five years. He wrote and played himself in CBC Radio's popular series *Dead Dog Café*. Until his retirement in 2012, he was a professor of Native literature at the University of Guelph.

That King's message resonates with the public was demonstrated on this book's release, when it became the number one non-fiction bestseller in the country and remained on the bestseller list for more than twenty weeks.

To conclude the book, King offers a sliver of hope, describing treaties in Alaska and Nunavut and the creation of Gwaii Haanas National Park and Haida Heritage Site as, finally, recognizing Native sovereignty. But he is pessimistic about the future. Attitudes, both non-Native and Native, must change dramatically, he believes. King's book will help generate much-needed dialogue.

Thomas King is far more than a good writer, storyteller, and academic. He has a dazzling intelligence that quickly sees through so many of the "accepted" truths people are repeatedly fed by the media, and he skewers these with delightful humour and self-deprecation. King is a warrior for his people.

Reviewed by **Hans Tammemagi**, a writer and photographer who focuses on environment, travel, and Native culture.

More Books

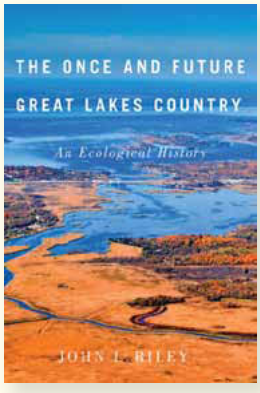
Canadian Folk Art to 1950
by John A. Fleming
and Michael J. Rowan
photographs by
James A. Chambers
University of Alberta Press,
Edmonton, and Canadian
Museum of Civilization,
Gatineau, Quebec, 2012
600 pp., illus., $45 paperback

One is drawn into the pages of *Canadian Folk Art to 1950* by its delightful cover, which shows a detail of a circa-1850 game board with a hunter and his dog painted in flat blocks of muted colour. On the first inside page, a couple gingerly holding hands is part of carved diorama. And thus starts the reader's journey into the remarkable world of Canadian folk art.

The six pages of acknowledgements show the true scope of this massive and impressive volume. Authors John Fleming and Michael Rowan, along with photographer James A. Chambers, have produced an informative and beautifully illustrated book. The seventeen chapters are nicely divided into categories such as domestic life, country life, gardens, and myth and symbol.

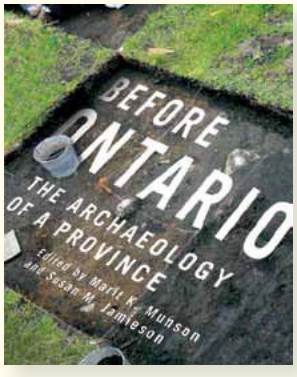
Both decorative and utilitarian items are include among the over 425 featured artifacts. The photographs, which are impressively lit and cropped where appropriate, show everything from paintings to signage, furniture, carvings, crockery, whirligigs, quilts, rugs, toys, and weather vanes. The authors note that folk art offers "fragments of a lived reality."

Photographs are accompanied by information about the object's maker, its current owner, and other details, as well as brief



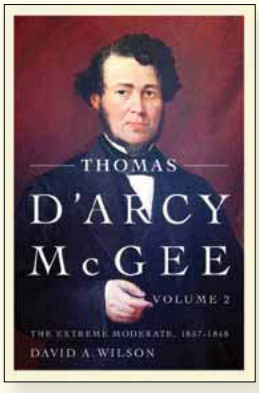
The Once and Future Great Lakes Country
An Ecological History
John L. Riley

"… wonderfully written, and Riley's profound knowledge of the region's ecology shines through on every page. The reader sees much of Canadian history in an entirely new way."
Alan MacEachern, Western University



Before Ontario
The Archaeology of a Province
Edited by Marit K. Munson
and Susan M. Jamieson

An accessible introduction to Ontario's Aboriginal past, from the province's leading archaeologists, *Before Ontario* bridges the gap between the modern world and a past that can seem distant and unfamiliar, but is not beyond our reach.



NEW IN PAPER
Thomas D'Arcy McGee, Volume 2
The Extreme Moderate, 1857–1868
David A. Wilson

"This is history well-told: insightful, detailed, and faithful to the historical record, yet displaying the clear writing and narrative drive needed to bring McGee's story – the achievements as well as the tragedy – to a general audience." *Canada's History*

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descriptions that are often thought-provoking. The book concludes with notes, a bibliography, and a comprehensive index.

Canadian Folk Art to 1950 will make a great gift and would be a pleasing addition to any Canadian's personal library.

— **Beverley Tallon**

Lester Pearson's Peacekeeping: The Truth May Hurt
by Yves Engler
Fernwood Publishing, Black Point, N.S., 2012
176 pp., $15.95 paperback

In an era where heroes are hard to come by, it's only natural that we would want to hang on desperately to the ones we have. Lester B. Pearson ranked sixth in the CBC's search for the greatest Canadian, so it would be fair to call him a Canadian hero. But not everyone would agree. No stranger to controversy, political writer Yves Engler would strike Pearson off that list — and in *Lester Pearson's Peacekeeping* he goes so far as to suggest that Pearson was fit to be tried for abetting war crimes.

Engler positions his book as if it were a case being made before a truth and reconciliation commission. He uses the United Nations Charter (to which Pearson contributed) as the standard against which to measure the former Nobel Peace Prize winner's actions. He concludes that Pearson was driven by ambition, not compassion. Political and pragmatic, Pearson would quickly drop unpopular positions if influential colleagues were unsupportive.

Engler follows Pearson's career in the Department of External Affairs, his experiences dealing with party politics, and his time as prime minister, taking the man's most lauded achievements and turning them on their heads.

NATO? A way to pursue anti-communist policies under the guise of self-defence, in spite of intelligence reports that minimized the Soviet threat. The Korean War? A boost to Canada's war economy. The Suez crisis? A means both of easing the awkwardness Canada felt during strained U.S.-U.K. relations and of keeping NATO alive. Southeast Asia? Canada enabled the U.S. bombing of North Vietnam.

In *Lester Pearson's Peacekeeping*, Engler indeed posits that the truth may hurt. In my case, it already has a little.

— **Tanja Hütter**

Psychedelic Psychiatry: LSD on the Canadian Prairies
by Erika Dyck
University of Manitoba Press, Winnipeg, 2012
215 pp., illus., $27.95 paperback

It's a little-known fact that Aldous Huxley, famed author of the counterculture classic *The Doors of Perception*, was introduced to mescaline by a psychiatrist practising in Weyburn, Saskatchewan.

At the time, it was not unusual for psychiatrists to experiment with drugs. In fact, during the early 1950s, the relatively new chemical technologies, such as mescaline and LSD, were hailed by some as the new dawn of medicine, and Saskatchewan was its shining sun. The province's social reforms

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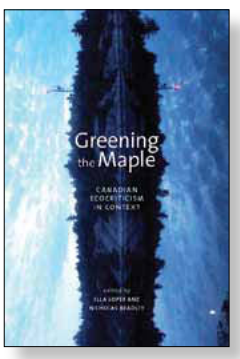
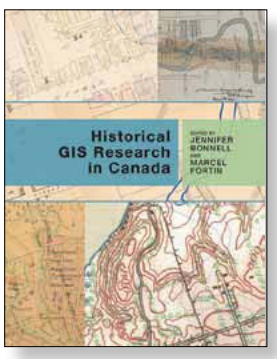
MY NAME IS LOLA
Lola Rozsa and Susie Sparks
336 p, $39.95, hc, illustrations
9781552387191
October 2013

This book contains the collected memories of Lola Rozsa as she and her husband, Ted, made their way from the southern plains of the United States to the burgeoning oil fields of Alberta, made Calgary their home, and helped build many of its cultural institutions.

"The wonderful thing about history is you can learn from it every day. Dr. Lola Rozsa knows her history especially when it comes to her community. Her stories of Calgary from its earliest moments teach us new lessons on every page."
-Peter Mansbridge



GREENING THE MAPLE: Canadian Ecocriticism in Context
Edited by Ella Soper and Nicholas Bradley
636 p, $44.95, pb
9781552385463
October 2013



HISTORICAL GIS RESEARCH IN CANADA
Edited by Jennifer Bonnell and Marcel Fortin
300 p, $39.95, pb, illustrations
9781552387085
November 2013

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centred on health care — mental health in particular — and, led by Tommy Douglas's social democrat government, it drew progressive health care practitioners and psychiatrists from around the globe.

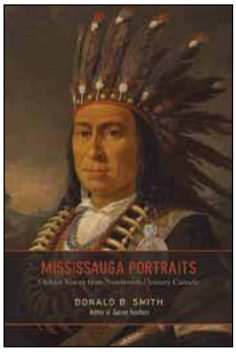
Psychedelic Psychiatry is a focused account of both the history of LSD on the Prairies and its role in the creation of a new kind of medical practice. The book offers an intriguing amalgam of the cultural, political, juridical, and medical impact of the early days of the drug's research and use.

Author Erika Dyck is a professor and Canada Research Chair in History of Medicine at the University of Saskatchewan. Her accessible, slim volume chronicles the rise of psychiatric medicine and its increasing association with pharmacology through the story of the two Saskatchewan psychiatrists who, with a research agenda that ranged from the medical to the mystical, spent a good part of their careers fascinated by the possibilities of LSD.

The drug's promise included its potential therapeutic usefulness in helping alcoholics beat their addiction (for which it was much prescribed — alcoholism having only recently been recast from its previous social role as moral scourge). Hopes also rested on the biochemical model it suggested for understanding serious mental health mysteries such as schizophrenia, and even on its role in more medically dubious endeavours like consciousness-raising.

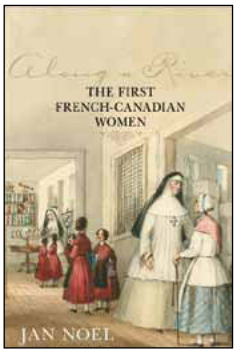
— Mariianne Mays Wiebe

NEW FROM UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO PRESS



Mississauga Portraits
Ojibwe Voices from Nineteenth-Century Canada
by Donald B. Smith

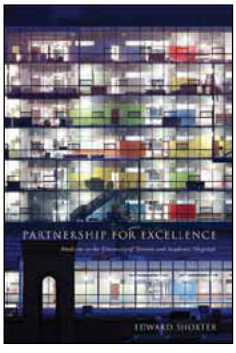
Mississauga Portraits presents a vivid picture of life in mid-nineteenth-century Aboriginal Canada and recreates the lives of eight Ojibwe who lived during this period – all of whom are historically important and interesting figures.



Along a River
The First French-Canadian Women

by Jan Noel

Along a River is an engaging history of the lives of remarkable French-Canadian women including Governor's wives, farmers, nuns, and even smugglers during the period between the settlement of the St Lawrence Lowlands and the Victorian era.



Partnership for Excellence
Medicine at the University of Toronto and Academic Hospitals

by Edward Shorter

The University of Toronto's Faculty of Medicine is where insulin was pioneered, stem cells were first discovered, and famous physicians from Vincent Lam to Sheela Basrur began their careers. Edward Shorter documents the faculty's impressive history from its inception to the present day.

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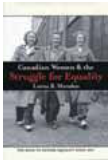


Canadian Women & the Struggle for Equality
by Lorna R. Marsden
Oxford University Press,
Don Mills, Ontario, 2012
302 pp., $27.95 hardcover

When Stella Bliss applied for unemployment insurance in 1976, she found that she would not be entitled to benefits for another six weeks. Bliss had just had a baby and was therefore subject to a different section of the Unemployment Insurance Act than her male counterparts.

Bliss challenged the case in the Supreme Court of Canada for discrimination based on sex, but the judge ruled against her, saying that she was treated differently not because she was a woman but because she had been pregnant — a voluntary decision in the eyes of the court. "Any inequality between the sexes in this area is not created by legislation but by nature," the ruling said.

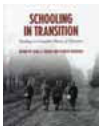
Bliss's story is one of many intricate and illuminating cases recounted in Lorna R. Marsden's book, *Canadian Women & the Struggle for Equality*. Using what she describes as a sociological approach, Marsden chronicles the women's movement since Confederation and examines the events, individuals, and institutions that enabled social change.

The Constitution Act of 1867 is central to the story, as Marsden argues that, by granting key powers to the provinces, the constitution made it difficult for women to organize on a national level to advance their cause. Instead, women first made strides in their communities and provinces through clubs, social networks, individual efforts, charitable work, and

professional organizations.

Although Marsden doesn't delve deep into the different forms of feminism or its nuances, her book provides a good introduction and overview of women's achievements since Confederation. *Canadian Women & the Struggle for Equality* shows that the road to social equality is lengthy, has involved many commendable acts, and is full of loopholes.

— **Joanna Dawson**



Schooling in Transition: Readings in Canadian History of Education
edited by Sara Z. Burke and Patrice Milewski
University of Toronto Press, Toronto, 2012
434 pp., illus., $49.95 paperback

Democracy's Angels: The Work of Women Teachers
by Kristina R. Llewellyn
McGill-Queen's University Press, Montreal, 2012
215 pp., $29.95 paperback

Two admirable recent books explore the history of education and provide a window onto how Canada's classrooms and schools have developed.

Schooling in Transition: Readings in Canadian History of Education is an excellent resource for both new and older educators. This edited collection pulls together twenty-four articles on the history of education in Canada from New France to the postwar period.

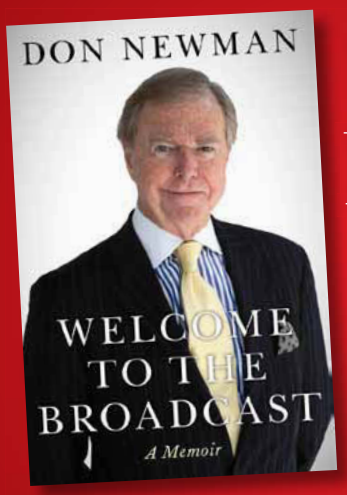
The collection explores not only the history of education in Canada from its earliest beginnings but also the evolution of how education has been viewed in this country and the vigorous debates that have accompanied changes.

Democracy's Angels: The Work of Women Teachers, by historian Kristina R. Llewellyn, is an examination of female teachers following the Second World War. After the victories against Germany and Japan, and in the shadow of the Cold War, educators focused on the noble attributes of democracy.

"In the 1940s and 1950s, Canada's schools embraced democracy as their primary goal," Llewellyn explains. But the women who were asked to provide this education faced many barriers of their own within a still male-dominated Canada. "An examination of women teachers in the postwar era illustrates how educational 'democracy' has too often failed to deliver on its promise of freedom, autonomy, and equality."

Democracy's Angels is an exceptional study in Canadian gender history. Read alongside *Schooling in Transition*, it provides valuable history for young teachers setting out on their new careers, or for anyone interested in understanding how our school system came to be.

— **Joel Ralph**



You are Invited to a Book Launch Event with Legendary Broadcaster

Don Newman

October 29, 2013
Winnipeg MB

For details, visit CanadasHistory.ca or email events@CanadasHistory.ca

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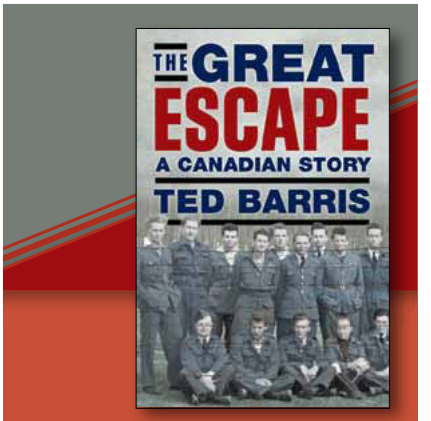
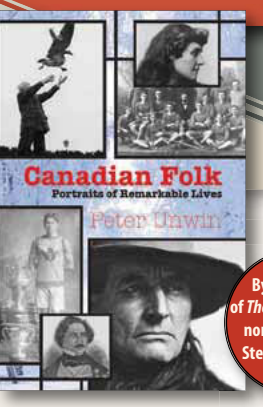
CANADA'S HISTORY



THE GREAT ESCAPE
A Canadian Story
by Ted Barris

On the night of March 24, 1944, eighty Commonwealth airmen crawled through a 336-foot-long tunnel and slipped into the dark pine forest beyond the wire of a German POW compound. The event became known as "The Great Escape". A unique retelling of the story through first-hand recollections by Canadians.



By the author of *The Rock Farmers*, nominated for a Stephen Leacock Award.

CANADIAN FOLK
Portraits of Remarkable Lives
by Peter Unwin

"From its duelling novelists to its stands of homicidal pine trees, *Canadian Folk* is Canada as it has never been written — but should have been. Unwin's unerring eye for absurdity gives positive proof that you have to be crazy to live here."

— Andrew J. Borkowski , author of *Copernicus Avenue*

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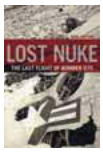

Lost Nuke:
The Last Flight of Bomber 075
by Dirk Septer
Heritage House, Victoria, 2012
224 pp., illus., $19.95 paperback

In a story seemingly drawn out of a Hollywood action script, the tale of America's first "broken arrow" — code for a lost nuclear weapon — is gripping stuff. The fact that the weapon disappeared over Canadian airspace makes this a unique chapter in Canadian aviation history.

The drama began on February 13, 1950, when the crew of an American B-36 bomber reported fire in three of the plane's engines. As the crew parachuted to safety, the plane, along with its radioactive and potentially devastating payload, plummeted towards the wilderness of the Pacific Northwest.

What followed was a period of intense searching — for survivors and for the bomb — followed by a cover-up by U.S. officials eager to keep news of a lost nuke out of the headlines. In *Lost Nuke*, aviation historian Dirk Septer does an admirable job of pulling the story together in a fashion that's both informative and enjoyable.

— **Mark Reid**

The Aroostook War of 1839
by W.E. (Gary) Campbell
Goose Lane/NBMHP,
Fredericton, N.B., 2013
160 pp., illus., $17.95 paperback

Canada's border is pockmarked with disputes, and in 1839 the line between Maine and New Brunswick nearly provoked war between the United States and Britain. This dispute is the subject of Gary Campbell's *The Aroostook War of 1839*.

The disagreement centred on the only overland communication road between Saint John, New Brunswick, and Quebec City. This route was vital during the winter months, when the St. Lawrence River was impassable to due to ice.

The border set by the Treaty of Paris in 1783 used an incorrect map, which left the exact location of the border unclear. In the early months of 1839, tensions boiled over as forces in Maine and New Brunswick armed themselves and began following each other through the disputed territory. Only a series of diplomatic exchanges diffused the situation before any violent confrontation erupted.

The border was finally set in 1842 by the Ashburton-Webster Treaty, and the communication road remains. It's better known today as a portion of the Trans-Canada Highway.

Campbell's book is the twentieth in the exceptional New Brunswick Military Heritage Project series. Like earlier volumes, this book is lively and easy to read but nonetheless is packed with exceptional detail that rewards close attention.

— **Joel Ralph**

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Canadian Historical Association / Société historique du Canada

The Canadian Historical Association is an internationally recognized, bilingual association that was founded in 1922, it is the largest association of its kind in Canada. Each year, the CHA organizes a three-day conference that is held in conjunction with the Congress of the Humanities and Social Sciences. The Annual Meeting provides researchers in all fields an opportunity to showcase their research and discuss issues relating to the discipline.

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• Free copy of the tri-annual *Bulletin*
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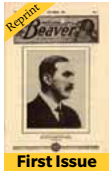

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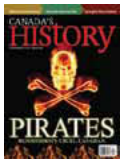

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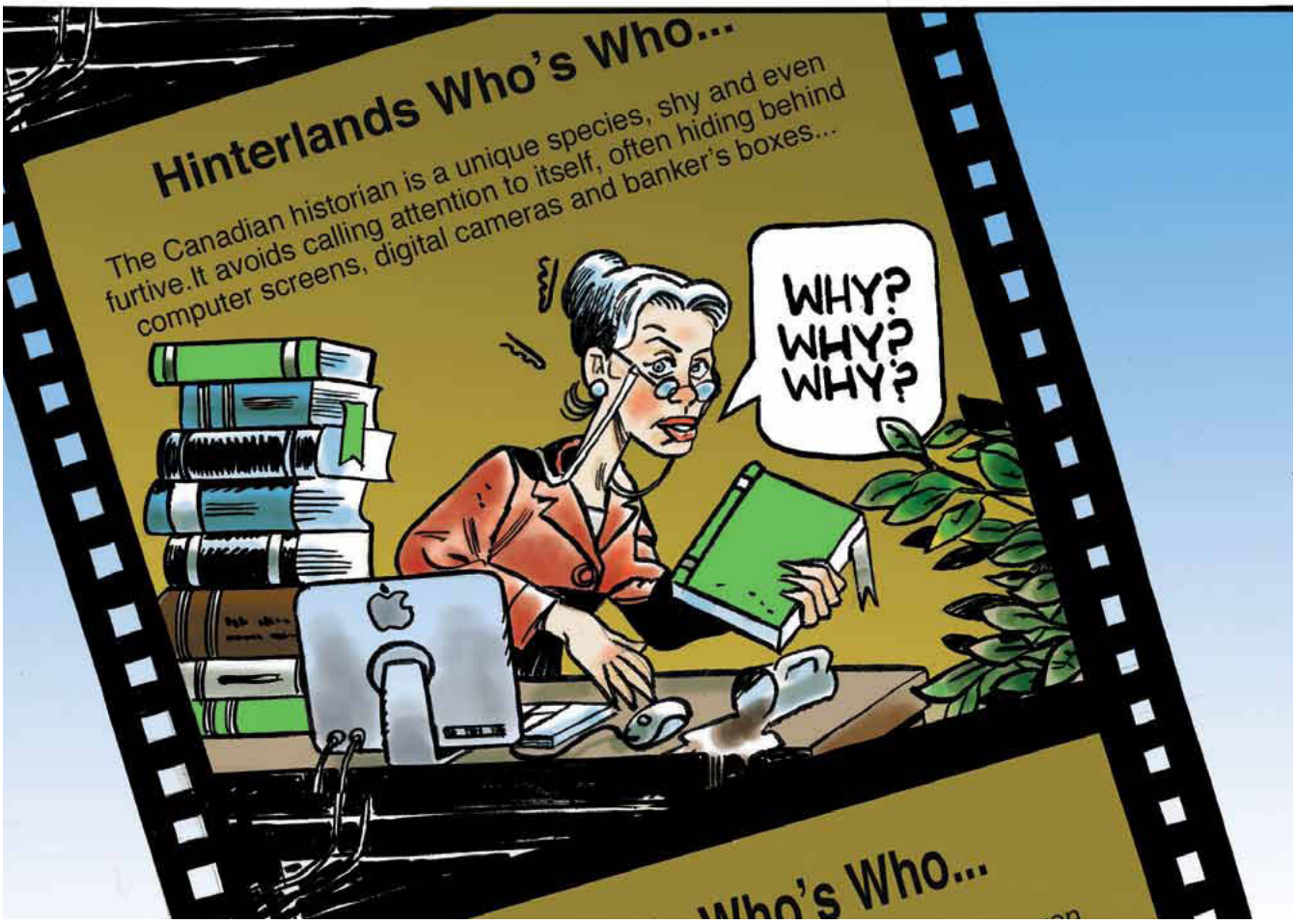
CANADA'S HISTORY

TINA LOO


Hinterlands Who's Who...
The Canadian historian is a unique species, shy and even furtive.It avoids calling attention to itself, often hiding behind computer screens, digital cameras and banker's boxes...
WHY? WHY? WHY?
Who's Who...

FRED CURATOLO

Species at risk

What's behind the decline in Canadian history — and historians?

The Canadian historian is a unique species, shy and even furtive. It avoids calling attention to itself, often hiding behind computer screens, digital cameras, and banker's boxes.

Despite its retiring nature, this animal is innately curious. You can spot a Canadian historian by its watery eyes, sometimes rimmed by spectacles that help it navigate the murky depths of the past. But before you even see one, you may hear its distinctive wail, "Why? Why? Why?"

Today, the Canadian historian is threatened: Climate change has diminished its food and allowed competing species to thrive. To conserve and protect the Canadian historian, inform yourself. And that's just a start….

This year marks the fiftieth anniversary of Hinterland Who's Who (HWW), the best-known of Canada's public service announcements. Produced by the Canadian Wildlife Service and introduced by an often-parodied flute melody, these sixty-second spots were designed to make viewers aware of the diversity of creatures that live around them.

HWW's fiftieth is an occasion to think about another species at risk, the Canadian historian. Given the upcoming centennial of the start of the First World War (1914) and the sesquicentennial of Confederation (1867), to say nothing of the recent commemoration of the War of 1812, you'd think there was no better time to be a historian of Canada.

But if what's happening in this country's big research universities is any indication, the Canadian historian is a species at risk. So too is Canadian history.

Numbers tell part of the story: As Rod Macleod, professor emeritus at the University of Alberta, recently pointed out, at the start of his career in the mid-1970s the U of A had twelve full-time faculty members teaching and researching Canadian history; in 2013 it has three, along with four more who teach the subject part-time, in a department of fifty-five. At the University of Toronto, there are nine Canadian historians in a department of sixty-eight, and at McGill Canadianists number six in a department of forty-two.

Perhaps even more alarming is the decline in the number of students enrolling in introductory Canadian history courses, ones that explore the story of how the nation-state of Canada came to be.

When I started teaching in the early 1990s, I regularly inflicted my version of this story upon three hundred or more students; as I write, there are just sixty-eight

enrolled for this academic year. Without "bums in seats" there's not much justification for universities to allocate their scarce resources to buttressing Canadian history, a subject that seems to be of marginal interest to the paying customers.

Assuming it's not me, who or what is killing Canadian history in the universities? (My other classes are full, in case you're wondering.)

In part, it's globalization. Where their offerings might once have been dominated by European, American, and Canadian history, university departments now offer the world to their students. Courses dealing with the global south are particularly popular, and Canadian history, always perceived by students as dowdy and dull, suffers by contrast. These days, Che Guevara and comfort women will always edge out Louis Riel and Gerda Munsinger. Responsible government and freight rates don't stand a chance.

But the decline of introductory Canadian history is also a reflection of some shifts in the scholarly discipline. Over the last thirty or forty years, professional historians have moved away from studying the nation-state as the progression "from colony to nation," to borrow the title of one standard textbook. Instead of formal politics, we focus on power, recasting the political history of Canada and other countries. Some scholars do so using a transnational framework, in terms of the dynamics of empires. In this configuration, the nation-state is the outcome of the flows and encounters of material resources, people, and ideas, something that was facilitated by governments but also by merchants, missionaries, and markets.

If the story of the nation-state has been internationalized, it has also been localized. Professional historians have looked beyond Parliament and politicians to study other institutions of state power: For instance, Carleton University's Bruce Curtis has examined the nineteenth-century census and how it did the work of government, and Gregory Kealey (University of New Brunswick), Reginald Whitaker (York), and Andrew Parnaby (Cape Breton University) have explored political policing from the Fenians to Mahar Arar. Other historians focus their gaze on particular groups in Canadian society, analyzing how they experienced the state and shaped it and how the work of government in making good citizens was carried out by actors as unlikely as social workers and anthropologists.

Research shapes teaching: New courses reflecting these approaches to Canada fill with students who are as enthusiastic as academic historians are about a new way to think about the country's past. We've rebuilt it, and they have come. But in the process they've also abandoned the existing structure in which introductory Canadian history has been housed, one that's framed nationally and filled with people who, they're told, are old relatives but with whom they feel no connection.

Maybe it's not surprising that, for the most part, the young people I teach don't see the relevance of the national; it's not a scale at which they live or perceive their lives. Many students have travelled internationally. Fewer have explored their own country. They are political, but the politics they're engaged with isn't that of their parents or grandparents; it doesn't work through the conventional institutions or formal processes. (Think of the Occupy and Idle No More movements). And, because Canada doesn't have a settled national history that everyone learns from grade school on, they don't come to my classroom with a shared experience of being taught the same story.

Some argue that if nationally based histories aren't well-adapted to the current environment, they should be allowed to go the way of the dodo bird. But that would be to deny the fact that the nation-state wields a great deal of power over our lives. All of us need to understand how and why it does. Its power and, more importantly, our potential influence on it need to be made more visible, not less. That's why the history of Canada is worth saving.

Environmental thinkers often point to humans' separation from nature as the root cause of our inability to act on issues like climate change. We've forgotten about the connections that link us to the natural world, and until we get over our collective amnesia we can't and won't take responsibility for our actions; we won't call ourselves to account, never mind those who govern us.

The same goes for the nation-state. We need to overcome our alienation from it and understand the connections that link us to it. We need to understand how the nation-state has come to infiltrate our lives if we're to begin to make the world we want. Because in the end the real species at risk is democracy.

University of British Columbia history professor Tina Loo writes regularly for *Canada's History*.

COMING UP IN CANADA'S HISTORY

Our Greatest Explorers

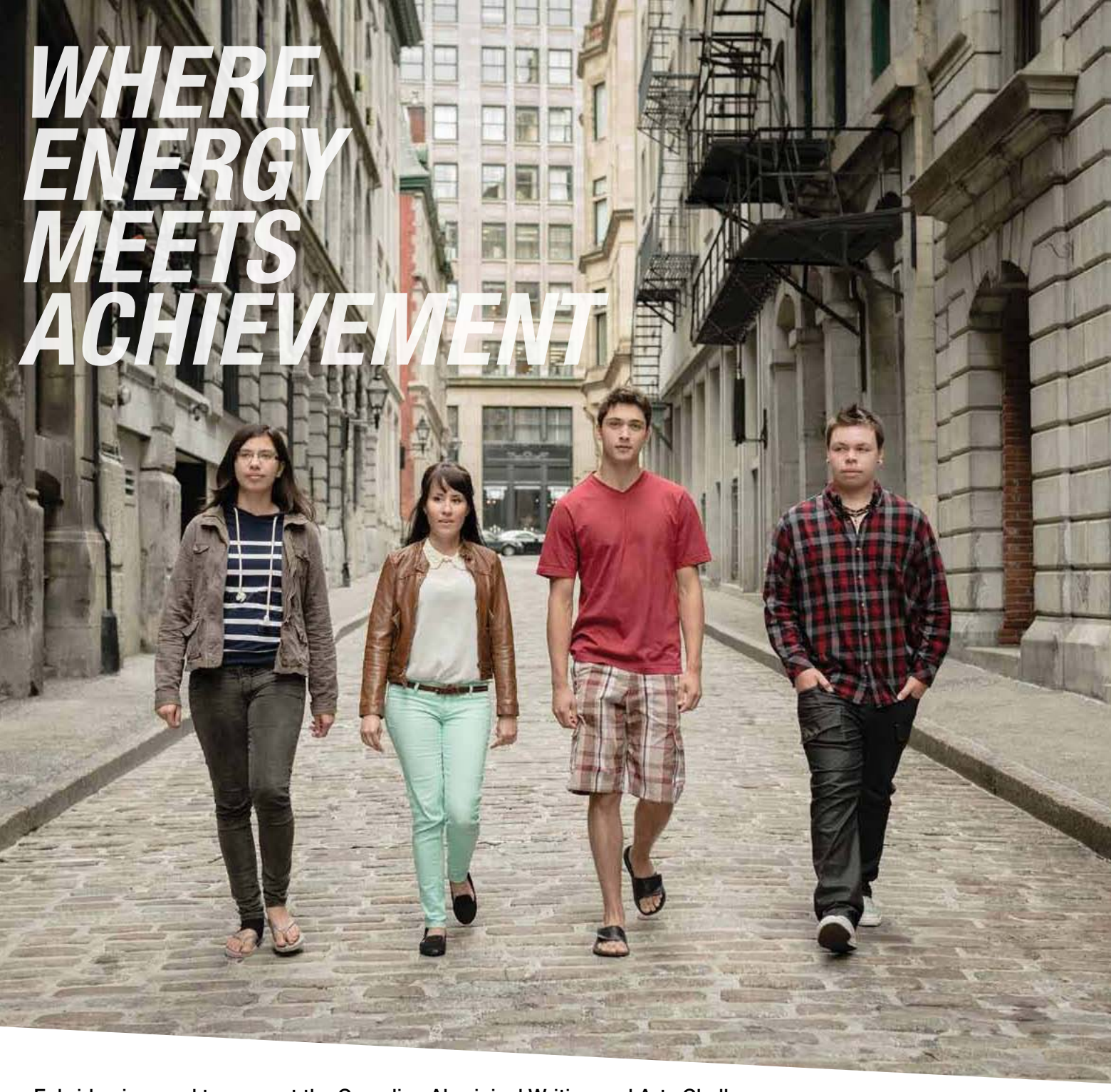
Five top historians each make a case for who they think ranks as Canada's most outstanding explorer. Who would you pick? *by Douglas Hunter, Jacques Lacoursière, Ken McGoogan, Bill Moreau, and Victor Suthren*

Liberating the Island

A look at the long and checkered history of Vancouver Island's attempts to separate from Canada. *by Forrest D. Pass*

Made for TV History

An international production company is doing what Canadians haven't been able to do — create a big-budget television series that dramatizes Canada's gold rush past. *by Charlotte Gray*



Enbridge is proud to support the Canadian Aboriginal Writing and Arts Challenge.

This annual celebration of excellence reminds us just how important it is to listen to the voice of our Aboriginal youth and respect their connection to the land, the community and their past. We would like to congratulate Robert McCue and Hanna Waswa for finishing first in the writing competition, and Brandan Wilson and Catherine Blackburn in the arts. Their winning contributions serve as inspiration to Enbridge and our sponsorship of programs like the Historica-Dominion Institute's Canadian Aboriginal Writing and Arts Challenge. Because at Enbridge, we believe in delivering more than the energy people count on. We deliver on our commitment to help the education and talents of Aboriginal youth.

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Left to right: Hanna Waswa, Eabametoong First Nation, Langley, BC; Catherine Blackburn, Patuanak, Prince Albert, SK; Robert McCue, Chippewas of Georgina Island, Tottenham, ON; Brandan Wilson, M'Chigeeng First Nation, Copper Cliff, ON.

The 2013 winners of the Canadian Aboriginal Writing and Arts Challenge, from left: Catherine Blackburn (senior arts), Robert McCue (junior writing), Hanna Waswa (senior writing), Phoenix Wilson and brother Brandan Wilson (junior arts).

COURTESY HISTORICA CANADA

THE WRITE STUFF

Talented young writers capture top prizes in the Canadian Aboriginal Writing and Arts Challenge.

One story tells the tale of the Idle No More movement, while the other is a poignant and personal exploration of one woman's emotional return to her community. Both are examples of outstanding writing and captured prizes in the 2013 Canadian Aboriginal Writing and Arts Challenge.

Winning the junior category was Robert McCue, 16, of the Chippewas of Georgina Island First Nation, Tottenham, Ontario, for a story entitled "The Walk." First place in the senior category went to Hanna Waswa, 21, of Eabametoong First Nation, Langley, British Columbia. Waswa's story is called "The Peaceful Dead."

McCue said he was inspired by an Idle No More walk to Ottawa staged by seven members of the Cree nation: "David Kawapit [one of the walkers] had said that he had a dream of a bear and a wolf walking down the traditional routes his ancestors used, and with that dream came the knowledge of the journey he would make. I thought that instead of telling the story from any of the Cree walkers' perspectives, since they have voices of their own to tell it, I would tell it from the two spirits who brought David the idea — Mukwa [bear] and Maheengun [wolf]."

Waswa's story is about a high school girl who returns home to her northern reserve to attend her mother's funeral: "As a young person of First Nations descent who has gone through high school off-reserve [the only option for many Native children], I found it easy to identify with the main character. Her story is a part of my own, and, though her situation differs greatly from mine, there are common elements connecting her to me and, truly, anyone else born and raised on a northern reserve."

Both winners were feted in spring 2013 at a special ceremony hosted in Montreal by author Joseph Boyden. Joining them were the winners of the arts competition: junior winner Brandan Wilson, 15, of M'Chigeeng First Nation, Copper Cliff, Ontario, and senior category winner Catherine Blackburn, 28, of Patuanak, Prince Albert, Saskatchewan. Each first-place winner received $2,000 and an expenses-paid trip for two to receive the award in Montreal.

Canada's History magazine is proud to be a supporting sponsor of the competition and to publish the winning submissions in the writing category.

First established in 2005, the challenge is organized by Historica Canada.

THE WALK

COURTESY HISTORICA-DOMINION INSTITUTE

By Robert McCue

The winter wind bites through their coats as they make their way across the frozen lake; it wails and cries at them to turn back as it sends snow to blind and sting exposed flesh. The seven Cree walkers that have left Whapmagoostui march on, heedless of the hostilities that nature torments them with. As I watch from the shadows of the treeline I try to think of what could spur such an act. I have heard the people talk about a movement called Idle No More, which these youths may have taken a little too literally. It could simply be the call to adventure or the allure of being an agent of change; whatever the reason, it has led them out back into the wilderness along traditional paths that have long since become obsolete.

There's a rustling of branches as Mukwa staggers and collapses beside me. "Why … must … you … insist … on that pace!" he gasps between gulps of air, his heavy sides heaving with every breath. "Why, to help you lose weight, of course," I retort as I watch him slowly lumber up to a sitting position. "Very funny, you useless dog! Remind me again why we can't just walk with the group; I thought you liked being in a group better than the lone wolf thing?" I fix him with a level look, "Because that is not our purpose here, Mukwa. I know winter isn't the best time for you, but you should be able to remember that instruction from the Gigitowin."

He sighs tiredly as he gets up to look over the lake, his coat caked in snow so the brown fur of the grizzly more resembles a polar bear. "Do you think they'll make it the whole way?" he asks as he peers at the silhouettes of the walkers. "I have no reason to see why not; it's only one thousand kilometres to Ottawa from their village, and they can rest in any villages they happen to come across."

The walkers have reached the far side of the lake now and into the haven of the trees; the wind seems to give one last frustrated howl before it dies down to a gentle breeze. I start off at a lazy trot. "We should continue," I call back to Mukwa who growls threats in response. I pick up my speed to a near sprint, and we begin our scouting run. We run around the walkers keeping out of their sight and casting a watchful eye out for any threats that might harm the group. The world does not hold many of the dangers it once did; people don't go to war against neighbouring villages, and the animals have learned long ago to avoid humans if they can. But there are still some threats that worry the elders, so we watch and we listen to ensure the walkers' safety and to ease the minds of the elders.

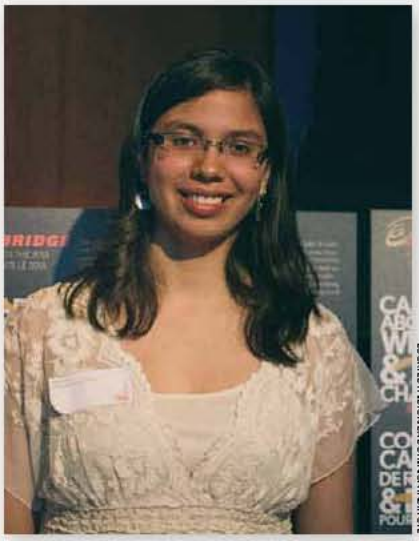
The blanket of clouds lifts to reveal that the day is almost done. The walkers choose to set up their camp on the shore of another lake that they had come across; they have a perfect view of the setting sun, which sets the clouds on fire with its brilliance and causes the snow to sparkle with different hues of the orange and pink light that has been painted across the surface of the lake. To the seven young Cree it would no doubt be all the more beautiful after the blizzard they had just walked through.

As night comes we begin to see the faint glow from the fires at the camp, providing the only light around, save for the light of moon and stars. Then, suddenly, the northern lights explode into the sky creating a dazzling show for the walkers but a feeling of unease for us. I turn to Mukwa, "What do you think could make them that excited?" He shrugs his large shoulders but keeps on looking at the aurora. "That kid David Kawapit's dream might have inspired more than just six others. Who knows, maybe we'll see hundreds join them by the end, and it'll be the first step to reunifying a shattered people." I laugh at that! "So the first step for change begins with the journey of a thousand miles, eh?" He shrugs again. "Why not? How many times have you seen a person changed by a journey, change their village? What's to stop seven people travelling to the capital inspiring a nation?" With that, Mukwa lumbers away from the shoreline leaving me alone with my thoughts.

I look up toward the lights then out across the lake toward the resting walkers; I'm certain that they will reach their destination. What I'm interested in is how their journey will change them, and will it change or inspire a nation as Mukwa thinks. I look back up towards the lights. "What do you have in store for these people?" I get up and shake the snow off my fur, take one last glance at the camp for the night and follow Mukwa's large paw prints back into the forest.

David Kawapit and his companions walked a 1,600-kilometre journey from their home in Whapmagoostui, Quebec, to Parliament Hill in Ottawa; the journey took them three months to complete and inspired many others to join them in their protest of current Aboriginal issues. The group of Cree youths had intended on speaking with the prime minister once they reached their destination, but they learned that he was away on important business at the Toronto Zoo. The seven Cree walkers ended up leading a group of walkers nearing four hundred to the steps of Parliament and may have reignited the Idle No More movement.

THE PEACEFUL DEAD



COURTESY HISTORICA-DOMINION INSTITUTE

By Hanna Waswa

I didn't cry at my mother's funeral. My grandmother wailed at the viewing, her stiff hands clutching at mine, as though I would up and follow my mother into a coffin. It's night now, and the body is in the ground, but I can still feel her fingernails in my skin. Even though I'm alone, her hands are holding mine.

I've got the door closed, but that doesn't mean anything in this house. Since I came back, I've been sharing this room with my little half-sister and, just until the funeral is over, my older siblings. Their dad is my dad, which means we are biological siblings. We haven't really spoken. Seeing them puts a stone in my heart, because, when mom kicked my dad out, they went with him to his home reserve. I don't remember it, or them.

I don't belong here. I've been gone for more than two years now, not even sixteen and on my own, really. I wanted to stay here, with my family, but my mother and grandmother decided to send me south to school. There's no high school here on the reserve; the closest one is an hour away by plane.

My grandmother is yelling at me from the kitchen. "Carrie! Come eat!"

I pretend I don't hear. She'll leave me alone if I don't respond.

But she's determined to have her way. She barrels in, frowning down to her armpits. "Get out of bed! You think you're the only one who's sad? You think you can sleep while the rest of us are trying to be together? Quit being like that! Get out here."

When I don't move as fast as she wants, she opens her mouth to yell again, but stops herself. As she turns away I think I see more tears in her eyes.

But my grandmother is a tough old lady, and the family needs her. So she hobbles over to the kitchen, popping her Advils as she walks. Her hip has been acting up since I arrived, and her medication doesn't seem to be working. She's a lot smaller than I remember, as well. Thinner, less weighty. I find myself wishing I were ten again. My grandmother paid to let me go to a summer camp down south with a bunch of other kids. It was the first time I went anywhere without my mother.

The kitchen is already crowded to overflowing, and Grandma's reappearance scatters a couple of second cousins. This little old house was packed before the funeral. Now it's like a prison cell. My stepdad is sitting at the table, vacant. My older sister is holding someone's baby. Children, including my little sister, are on the floor. A dozen cousins, uncles, and aunts are crowded in the corners of the room. People on chairs, people on the floor. There's nowhere left for me to sit.

Grandma's got all the food laid out on the counter. "I'm going to pray, then we'll eat."

Everyone bows their heads. Usually the prayer takes half an hour. Today, it only lasts a minute. Everyone lines up. There's not much talking, but I end up behind my Uncle Henry.

He might be my uncle, but he's only a few years older than me. We ended up in the same class for a year because he failed a couple of grades.

"Hey Carrie. Where've you been?"

"High school, down south."

"That's great!" His voice isn't loud, but it annoys me. "Yeah, you're smart. Always so smart, always at school. Bet that's new down there. A smart Indian." He laughs,and I can smell the alcohol on his breath. He's not drunk, just boozy. "What's with your hair? You dye it to look like all the other smart kids down there?"

"Shut up Henry. No one wants to listen to you."

"I'm jus' telling everyone how smart—"

Grandma rapped him on the knuckles with the ladle. "That's enough, or no food. Don't think I don't know you're going out to get drunk as soon as you can. I know what you do at night."

That settles him down. But I'm not going to forget that easily. One day I'll get Henry back for all the stupid things he's done. The only reason he's here is for the food, anyway. It's not like he even cared about my mom.

The kitchen can't hold us all. We spill over into the living room and floor. Even though the table was built for a handful of people, my grandmother manages to squeeze more and more of us in. The house is silent, but the cutlery scrapes on the plates.

Everything tastes like mud. The church people my grandmother calls her friends dropped most of the food off before the funeral. I manage to eat it all anyway. You don't waste anything in this house. As inconspicuously as possible, I clear my plates and slip out the door.

It's freezing in only my sweater and jeans. I pull up my hood and stick my hands in my pockets. The night sky is clear, so the temperature's colder: no cloud cover to keep the warmth in. My breath looks like smoke.

The door creaks open and shut again. Someone followed me out, taking advantage of my initiative to escape the atmosphere inside the house.

"Smoke?"

"Sure." It's my stepdad. I don't mind him. "Thought you quit."

"Thought you did, too."

"Guess I didn't do it right."

He lights up one for me and one for him. The smoke is good. Only one drag and I remember why it was I started.

The night silence is soothing, and we stand out there on the porch for a while, breathing, before he speaks.

"What're you gonna do now?"

"I don't know. Go back to school, maybe, finish my Grade 11." The idea doesn't appeal to me. "Maybe I'll stay here."

"Don't you dare."

We both jump. My grandmother is like a fox. Neither of us heard her coming. "You listen to me, Carrie. Your mother was a good woman, and the only thing she wanted for you was to get your education and get off the reserve. Don't you dare let her down."

I stare at my shoes, half trying to hide the cigarette. I don't want her to see me like this. Unexpectedly, she drops a jacket over my shoulders.

"Here. Don't get frostbite." She's frowning, but tears well up in my eyes anyway. It's a flood, and I cannot stop it, because it's coming up from the deepest place in me. I drop the cigarette.

"She said she'd be here. When I came home. After I was finished, she said ... she said she'd be at my graduation. She said—" but my voice is cracking and I can't breathe between the sobs.

Her arms close around me. Whispers in my ear. Everything in me is crying, trying to tell her that it isn't right, that nothing will ever be alright. She holds me for a long time.

Coming back to reality is slow and sobering. I don't want to be weak in front of my grandmother. But she's crying too.

"Carrie, you get an education."

"Grandma, I can't. I'll end up back here anyway."

She shakes me a little. Her hands on my shoulders are comforting. "Carrie, your mother was doing correspondence courses."

"What?"

"She was trying to graduate with you." Another tear escapes Grandma's eye. She wipes it away. "Ever stupid, us, hey?"

I laugh a little and hug her. "I don't want to go back south to school, Grandma."

"Too bad. We have one too many Henrys in our family." She whispers in my ear: "I'll get him, too. Someday you'll like him, you'll see."

I don't believe her, but I ignore it. I realize that we're alone on the porch. My stepdad is gone. Embarrassed of me, probably. When the silence is peaceful again, I ask where he went.

"He went with Henry." She shakes her head, the tear trails glittering. "He misses her as much as any of us. It's the same way I feel, you feel. Like a part of us died when she left us."

I'm reminded of the viewing. How I was too afraid to look inside the coffin. I sat on the church steps while my family said goodbye and on the pew while everyone else paid their respects.

Right before they closed the coffin for good, I worked up the courage to look in. I didn't see my mother in that place. Just a body dressed up, trying to be real again.

They say the dead are peaceful, but that's not what I see.

I hold on to my grandmother for a moment more. Together we go inside.

HM

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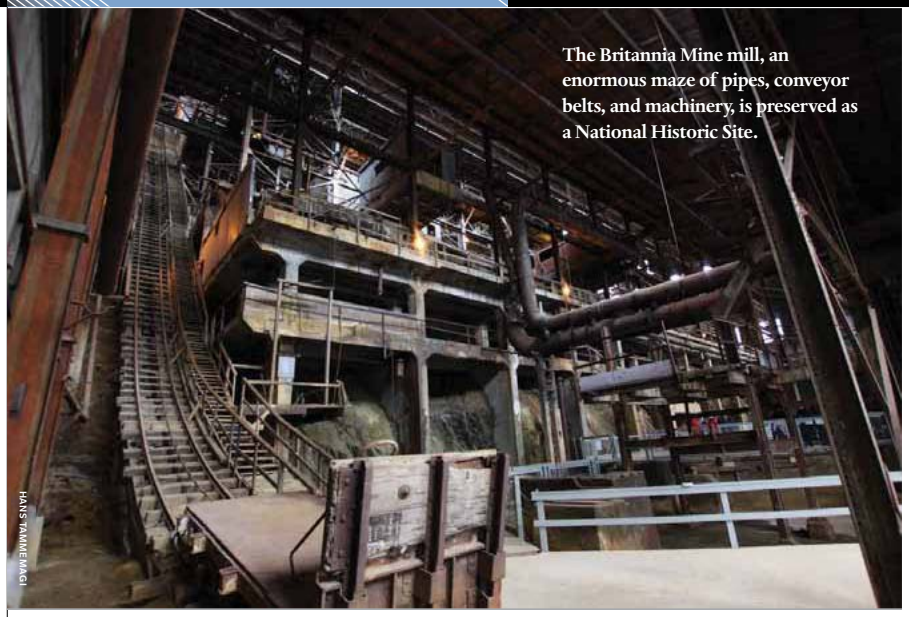


The Britannia Mine mill, an enormous maze of pipes, conveyor belts, and machinery, is preserved as a National Historic Site.

HANS TAMMEMAGI

Hail Britannia!

A West Coast mine that was once the copper queen of the British Empire is now a fascinating museum. by Hans Tammemagi

The small, narrow-gauge train chugs into a black hole in the rugged mountainside, carrying a dozen of us into the dark innards of the earth. Water drips. Long ominous shadows flit against the rough-hewn rocks. Nervous giggles echo. Now and again, fingers point and cameras click as the lamps on our hard hats illuminate a brilliant patch of blue on the stained tunnel walls.

I'm on a tour of Britannia Mine, which was once the largest producer of copper in the British Empire. Located fifty-two kilometres north of Vancouver on the Sea-to-Sky Highway near Squamish, British Columbia, the mine is open all year from 9:00 a.m. to 4:30 p.m.

We dismount from the train at a large opening, where our guide explains how the site came to be discovered in 1888. "A local doctor shot a deer, whose flailing hooves uncovered chalcopyrite, a blue copper ore. The mine began operations in 1904 and during its lifetime produced more than fifty million tonnes of copper ore as well as gold, silver, lead, zinc, and cadmium, which were shipped to industries around the world." Not bad for a mine discovered by a deer, I think.

"The mine was huge, with more than two hundred kilometres of tunnel extending 650 metres below surface," the guide tells us. He describes how miners drilled and blasted the rock using a noisy, heavy jackleg drill. "It was known as a widow-maker. Many miners developed silicosis from the dust and lost their hearing due to the noise."

I shudder as he describes the primitive conditions of yesteryear. Candles were first used for light, followed by acetylene torches. In the 1940s, lamps on hats were introduced. But miners had to carry batteries the size and weight of today's car batteries.

We clamber back aboard and the train chugs ahead. A short while later, we emerge, eyes squinting, into bright daylight. We gather around the guide, who describes how the mine closed in 1974 and was resuscitated as a museum in 1976. In 1988, it was declared a National Historic Site. In 2010, a multimillion-dollar facelift was completed.

"There are more than fifteen buildings as well as the underground workings, but the pride of place is the mill," he says, pointing toward an enormous building that stretches up the mountainside like a giant escalator.

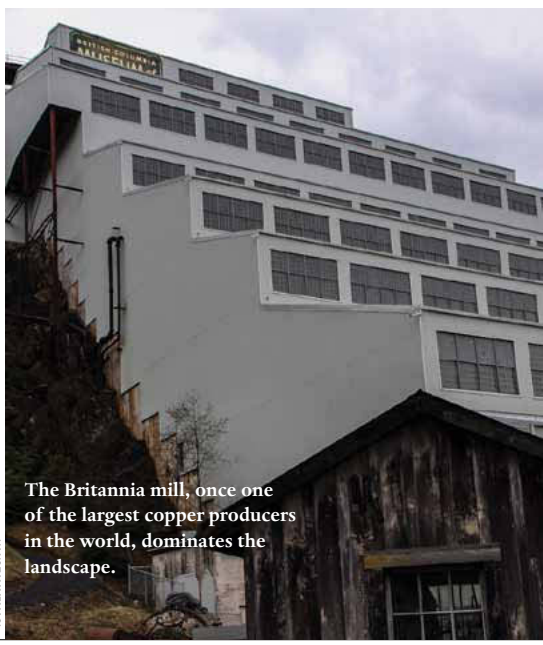
Entering, we gasp in surprise, for the mill is like a surrealistic dream. Pipes, conveyor belts, staircases, and bizarre machinery are everywhere. During its time, the mill was one of the largest in the world. Ore was ground to a powder, and then a process called flotation — developed here — concentrated the ore from about 1.25 per cent to 26 per cent copper before it was shipped to market.

The mill was saved from demolition and received a major renovation from 2005 to 2010. The laborious effort of hand-puttying 14,400 panes of glass into window frames was worthwhile: The mill has since been rented out to movie and television production companies to portray everything from a Victorian factory to a spaceship docking station. The mill has also become a venue for concert performances. I close my eyes and imagine the pounding beat of a Japanese drumming band, a recent performer, reverberating through this mammoth space.

I leave the tour. While meandering along a boardwalk, I pass weather-beaten clapboard buildings, some a century old. Rusting machinery lies everywhere. A gigantic yellow ore truck dwarfs a school group. I discover the gold-panning area and excitedly grab a pan and swish. And swish. Alas, only fool's gold appears.

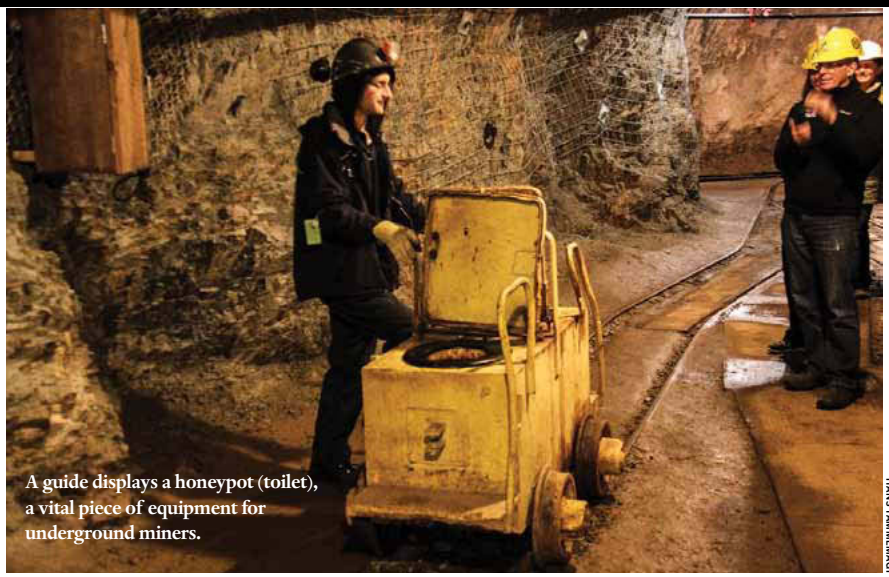
At one exhibit, grainy, black-and-white photos depict the mine's history and show how workers and families lived in a company town. Facilities included libraries, club rooms, billiard rooms, swimming pools, tennis courts, a roller rink, and a bowling alley. The community was largely self-sustaining, with a lumber mill and a foundry. Canada's first co-operative store was opened here in 1914.

A thriving social calendar saw sporting



The Britannia mill, once one of the largest copper producers in the world, dominates the landscape.

HANS TAMMEMAGI



A guide displays a honeypot (toilet), a vital piece of equipment for underground miners.

HANS TAMMEMAGI

events, theatrical productions, dances, movies, and parties throughout the year. But the mine was isolated; the only access was by boat until a railway and highway to Vancouver were built in the 1950s.

And there was tragedy. On March 21, 1915, snow and rock slid down the mountainside, destroying the original townsite and killing fifty-six people. The survivors pulled together and built two new towns, Mount Sheer, high up on the mountainside, and Britannia Beach, on Howe Sound.

In 1921, fire destroyed the mill. Then, a few months later, tragedy struck again when a culvert broke and a massive flood carrying logs roared through the lower townsite taking thirty-seven lives. But the resilient townspeople rebuilt the site.

Marshall Tichauer worked at the mine from 1965 to 1974. He held a variety of jobs, including sampler of muck piles, geologists' assistant, warehouse man, safety officer, mine clerk, and captain of the mine-rescue team. "I earned three hundred dollars per month initially, of which twenty dollars went for bunkhouse rent," he told me. "In earlier years safety was poor, but when I started it was good. We had audiometric ear testing and customized hearing protection. And the company always incorporated the newest technology. We had better dust control than on many highway projects. If you were caught breaking safety rules, you were fired immediately. No second chance. We had company picnics, the Copper Queen festival, fishing derbies, balls, and dances. And everyone came, regardless of age."

Tichauer smiled, adding, "I have good memories of this place."

Recalling my visit, I know that I, too, will have good memories of Britannia Mine.

Hans Tammemagi is a writer and photographer who lives on Pender Island, British Columbia.

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The Watkins wagon

The horse-drawn Watkins wagon, with its spices, extracts, and medicines, was at one time a welcome visitor at many farm homes. The wagon in this photograph was driven by a man named Reed or Reid. The picture was taken in 1918 or 1919 at the Scotton home, located north of Cowley, near Lethbridge in southern Alberta.

Mamie Scotton (the former Mamie Bare) stands next to the horses, close to her daughter Ellen. Her three oldest sons — Chester, Freeman, and Lloyd — are seated or standing on the wagon. A Watkins sample case leans against the front wheel of the wagon.

The J.R. Watkins Medical Company was founded in Plainview, Minnesota, in 1868. Joseph Watkins' first product was Red Liniment, and he pioneered direct-selling concepts such as the "money-back guarantee." By 1920, Watkins had about a hundred different kinds of products available for door-to-door sales across the continent.

The firm continues to operate today as a direct-selling company, with over eighty-thousand independent sales associates in North America.

Submitted by Ray Scotton, son of George and Mamie Scotton of Cowley, Alberta.

Do you have an old photograph that captures a moment, important or ordinary, in Canada's history? If you would like to submit it for possible publication, have it copied (please don't send priceless originals) and mail it to Album, c/o Canada's History, Bryce Hall, Main Floor, 515 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, MB R3B 2E9. Or email your submission to album@CanadasHistory.ca. Include a brief description of the photo, including its date and location. If possible, identify people in the photograph and provide further information about the event or situation illustrated. To have your posted submission returned, please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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